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## RUSSIA AND THE ALLIES—AUSTRIA AND HER POLICY.

Continued from page 77.

THE Congress of Vienna had decided that Poland should be united to Russia; and, as if to conceal from scrutiny an act that could not be defended by the parties who aided in its accomplishment, but to which the pressure of Russian influence demanded submission, the mockery of a distinct kingdom, with national institutions, was stipulated for; and Alexander himself was cast to figure in the illusory scene. The emperor published an address to his Polish subjects, proclaiming that their state was now elevated into "the KINGDOM OF POLAND—a title they so ardently longed for, and which they had acquired at the cost of so much blood and so many sacrifices."\*

With such a neighbor as Alexander at her elbow, with the same vigilant Argus overlooking her Slavie territories on a distant frontier, and deserted by every Cabinet in Europe, could Austria do otherwise than yield to a combination of circumstances whose force she must dread, but whose menacing agglomeration she could not possibly avert? Was there any thing in her antecedents that required of her *now* to oppose herself alone to the power of Russia, whose colossal proportions the other governments of Europe had contributed so much to strengthen and enlarge? Had the heroic sacrifices already made by the house of Hapsburg to satisfy the imperial ambition of Pitt, no claim to exemption from dismal repetition? Was she once more to bare her breast to the bolt of war, in order that England might retain her, chained to the car of a selfish policy, which sought to make of Austrian subjects the consumers of the products of English looms and English mines? For twenty years Austria had battled with heroic devotion against revolutionary France, and the overshadowing military power which Napoleon sought to consolidate on the continent of Europe: must she again, alone, uncared for, unstayed by other nations, equally with herself interested in the result, expose her territories to the ravages of war, in order that the fictitious and dynastic equilibrium

\* *Revue des deux Mondes*, 1854. Capefigue, *Congres de Vienne*.

of Europe might be maintained in its plenitude, and be made subservient to the material and selfish interests of Great Britain? While all this would seem to have been expected of Austria, let us turn briefly to contemporary events, and measure in this connection the conduct of England and France by acts whose consequences have so powerfully aided in propelling Europe towards the present momentous crisis.

There are two methods by which "aid and comfort" may be imparted to one of two rivals in the attitude of combat and ready for the onset. One is, a direct contribution of force to the party intended to be benefited, the other—an indirect weakening of the party sought to be discomfited. Russia and Turkey for years have exhibited this character of antagonism. England and France have not exposed themselves to the charge of political suicide by adopting the first method; but they have seriously compromised their own interests and plunged Europe into a bloody and unmeaning war by electing to follow the second course.

Every reader of history has read, with more or less interest, the story of the Greek Revolution. Its incidents are too familiar to be traced here. The polished pen of Everett, the majestic oratory of Webster and the gushing eloquence of Clay have imparted to the subject an interest and a pathos, which the memory, once imbued with its epic incidents, would in vain attempt to shake off.

England and France acted in concert with Russia to aid the Greeks in their struggle with the Ottoman Porte. The Greeks were flattered with the hope, not only of entire emancipation from the ruthless rule of the Turk, but their aspirations were carried to such an extreme of exaltation, that they vainly expected the restoration of their ancient empire—redolent with the glowing memories of Marathon and Salamis, and green with the civic triumphs of Pericles and Demosthenes.

In the struggle the Greeks fought with courage, and their valor was crowned with partial success. Unfortunately they revealed a spark of their ancestral aptitude for maritime enterprise. The phantom of a rival flitted across the selfish vision of England, and the Greeks were abandoned to a miserable heterarchy, so insignificant as to pocket insult from English factors; and too meanly weak to chastise a bullying sea captain, clamoring for a paltry indemnity of a few thousand dollars.

Up to the time of the treaty of Adrianople (Sept. 14, 1829,) England and France had acted in concert with Russia to cripple the power of Turkey. It was during the subsistence of the trilateral treaty that the Turkish fleet was destroyed at Navarino by the combined fleets of England, France and Russia. At a blow, and without any previous declaration of war, the maritime power of Turkey was extinguished forever. This arm of Turkish defence and Turkish aggression, was the only barrier that could safely resist the encroachments of Russia in the Black Sea, and keep intact the straits of the Dardanelles. Without her fleet, and unaided by France and England, how can Turkey keep the harbor of Constantinople undefiled by the prows of the Russian navy? As well might she expect to shut out the harem of the Sultan from the brutish gaze of the Cossack, when the Russian eagle shall perch on the dome of St. Sophia, and Byzantium rings with the victorious shouts of Russian soldiery.

Anterior in time to the destruction of the Ottoman fleet at Navarino—viz. in 1807—it became of importance to England, that the whole force of Russia should be concentrated against Napoleon. The embers of war between Russia and Turkey were being roused into a flame by the latter power, who deemed the time propitious to strike an effective blow at Russia. England frowned at the menacing

attitude assumed by the Porte; and, true to her traditional mode of warfare, she did not wait the issue of diplomatic protest, but hurled the bolt of her vindictiveness ere the lightning flash had prefigured the source of the death-dealing stroke. Admiral Duckworth was ordered to force the Dardanelles and fling a haughty menace in the very teeth of the Sultan. Not satisfied with this inglorious bravado, the redoubtable admiral, finding a portion of the Turkish fleet off Cape Nagara, at the entrance of the Sea of Marmora, attacked and destroyed one ship of the line, four frigates and two corvettes. This brilliant achievement was no bad precedent for the Russians in the recent "affair at Sinope;" and quite an appropriate precursor of the "*untoward event*" at Navarino, twenty years afterwards.

Again in 1812, Turkey was almost coerced by the Cabinet of Great Britain into signing the treaty of Bucharest. This treaty, so fatal to Turkey, conceded to Russia the province of Bessarabia and the mouths of the Danube.\* The Russian boundary was thus expanded to the Pruth; and Moldavia and Wallachia are now the only barriers that interpose any obstacle to Nicholas in his schemes of conquest along the Danube. This barrier broken down, and the Danubian provinces in the hands of the Russians, Nicholas will control the Danube from its mouth to Kalafat, and thus virtually exclude Austrian commerce from the waters of the Black Sea.

It is not to be supposed that England had no special object of present interest in this treaty. The claims of tutelage now set up, over Turkey, would be ignored by the results that followed; while her other claim, to be the grand embodiment of all the humane and conservative interest of European society, is made equally baseless by the motives which prompted her action. The year 1812 will ever stand out prominently on the page of history,—whether viewed through the multiplication of astonishing events that are grouped and crowded in its limits; or whether considered with reference to the magnitude of the results which have flowed consequentially upon the events themselves. Buonaparte was marshalling his forces for the invasion of Russia. The treaty of Bucharest was concluded in July, 1812. Buonaparte left Paris in May of the same year; and on the 24th of June following the French army crossed the Nieman, and the eventual march to Moscow was begun. The force of the French Emperor was deemed irresistible, and the Russian empire was felt to quake beneath the tread of the victorious legions of France. All the forces of Alexander were required to save his throne; and hence the urgent necessity of concluding peace with the Sublime Porte. To this end the diplomacy of England was directed; and Napoleon was doomed to find the victorious army of Moldavia, headed by the veteran Kutusoff, concentrated at Beresina to cut off his retreat and pile new disasters upon his waning fortunes.†

Thus having destroyed the Turkish fleet; forced the Ottoman Porte into disadvantageous treaties with its traditional and implacable foe—dashed the cup of patriotic expectation from the lips of the Greeks, and aided Russia to struggle successfully against the power of Napoleon, England suddenly wakes to the consciousness that the Emperor of Russia is becoming too powerful—that his ambitious eye is already fixed, in an immovable gaze, on the East Indies—that the Dardanelles are the keys that will unlock for him the golden portals of the Indian Empire; and that Constantinople, transformed into a Russian capital, will compete with London for the commerce of the world and the Russian pavilion symbol the sovereignty of the ocean.

Austria is supposed to have acted with treachery towards England and France

\* Question d'Orient—Ficquelmot.

† Allison's History of Europe.

because she would not be the first to assume hostilities against Russia. This immobility on the part of the Austrian government, so far from implying either weakness or perfidy, shows only how much her statesmen had learned from the political lessons taught by the convulsions of 1848.\* Her inactivity was the result of profound policy; there was no duplicity in it whatever. Her neutrality revealed the strength that lies sometimes in "masterly inactivity." This secured her territory from invasion; while a different course would have made Austria the battle ground of Europe, and exposed her population once more to the pitiless ravages of war. Events have proved beyond cavil or doubt, that neither England nor France was prepared for the war into which they have heedlessly plunged themselves, and would now drag all the nations of Europe. The suggestions of English diplomacy would have hurried Austria into an unequal contest, before England and France were prepared to proffer any effective assistance. Indeed it may be fairly questioned, whether, if Austria had assumed the initiative of war, a treaty of alliance, such as now subsists, could at all have been consummated between England and France. Up to the period of the passage of the Danube by the Russians, and the entrance of the allied fleets into the Black Sea, there was nothing in the diplomatic conferences between England, France, Austria and Prussia, that pledged England absolutely to a war with Russia. Her steady, but concealed purpose seemed to be, either to use Austria as an intimidation to the Czar, or failing in this, so to compromise Austria, that war between these two powers must be inevitable. Such a result would have been in consonance with the diplomatic policy the Cabinet of England has pursued for forty years on the continent of Europe. Her intrigues under the guise of her assumed apostolate of liberal ideas, have been felt in every European Court. In the language of a modern diplomat, "When an Englishman *en mission*, arrives in any foreign court, his first care is to inquire into the condition of parties, and he chooses the one which ostensibly connects itself with English interests. If no such party exist he labors to create one, and as soon as it has grown into form, his energies are directed to clothe it with the elements of power."† Every phase of political extravagance and religious fanaticism is thus converted into powerful engines, directed to the propagation of English interests and English ideas. In Portugal English intrigues sustain the interests of royalty; while in Spain the liberal chief, Espartero, is the beneficiary of English favor. In Italy this interference has not been less palpable. Lord Bentinck in 1812 helped the Sicilians to ease themselves from the power of Naples; and guaranteed to them the blessings of a free constitution. In 1820, when the revolution obliterated the work of his lordship, the Sicilians appealed to Lord Palmerston to maintain the promised guarantee, that statesman coolly replied that the constitution accorded to the Sicilians contained no provision implying such promise of guarantee!

But we need not multiply instances of these culpable intrigues. They are patent on almost every page of modern history, and their results are revealed in the revolutions of 1848. Hitherto, England, from her insular position and some peculiar features of her oligarchy, has escaped the reaction of the terrific elements of disorder which her intrigues have fructified to convulse other governments. Political wisdom has not yet taught her, that the democratic element abused, is but social and political anarchy, and that from this anarchy springs the crushing

\* Lord Palmerston, *l'Angleterre et le Continent*, par le Comte de Ficquelmont.

† Tiquelmont, *l'Angleterre*, &c.



power of military despotism. The harvest of those, who like Cadmus sow dragons' teeth, will be fruitful of armed men. There is a natural and logical connection between the events now transpiring in the Crimea, and the political disorders of 1848. While therefore, England is learning before Sebastopol the wisdom she has hitherto failed to apply, her position and sacrifices there, will form a distinctive link in the logical chain of political events;—departing from which, the future historian may trace back the present crisis to its legitimate antecedents, and raise the finger of solemn warning to succeeding generations.

The fact that the assault upon Austria comes from so many quarters, added to the motives of the assailants, gives an important significance to the political complications of the times. Austria is in the way of the seditious spirits, who would undermine the social and political fabric of European order and law for the twofold reason that she is both Catholic and conservative—conservative because she is Catholic. If no religious antagonism be concealed in the attacks made upon the Austrian government, because of the tardiness evinced by her rulers to project her into a conflict with Russia, how does it happen that Prussia is partially free from similar assaults? Is the omission one of pure accident, or can it be alleged that she has in no way exposed herself to them? There will scarcely be found hardihood enough, even in the most reckless of Austria's assailants, to maintain this. In fact the obstinacy of Prussia, as evinced in her efforts to prolong, and even frustrate, the conferences at Vienna during the past year, has tended very seriously to embarrass the action of Austria. Her ambitious designs of obtaining the control in the Germanic Confederation—her intrigues with the small German states—her tortuous policy of coquetting alternately with Nicholas and the Western Powers, deserve some of the vehement denunciation so lavishly bestowed upon Austria. Affiliated with Nicholas by the ties of relationship; and strongly inclined to favor the designs of that sovereign on Turkey, she yet holds to a policy, that connects her with the allies, whose aim of arresting the aggrandizing march of Russia, is openly declared. By this course, she is enabled to maintain a menacing attitude in regard to Austria; while at the same time her vows of affectionate regard and devotional interest are whispered into the willing ears of the Russian Emperor.

We are not disposed to find fault with Prussia simply because of her neutrality. On the contrary, we are firm in our conviction, that her political existence is most essentially bound up in that neutrality;—not that she dare not, at any time hereafter, emerge from her neutral position, and partake actively in the eventualities that are defining themselves very vividly on the approaching future. This however we do say, that "the time and the hour" for such action must be fitly chosen by her rulers, if they would save her from being engulfed in that political Maelstrom, which is already reaching its circling ripples farther and farther into the surging waters of European politics; and to which new commotions will only lend a more fearful rotation and provoke a more comprehensive disaster. But, on behalf of impartial justice, we do protest against the wholesale defamation of Catholic Austria while Protestant Prussia, in the same connection of political action, is allowed to pass unchallenged and unrebuked. We invoke for Austria nothing more than justice,—a justice, whose criticism on events will be marked with something like sober investigation of historical fact; enlightened estimate of the political and social questions now agitating Europe; a full and impartial scrutiny of the past and present of Austrian policy, in its connection with the impending crisis; and a strict, rigid and direct adhesion to truth, the absence of which

cannot be supplied by vapid denunciation and clamorous appeals of malignant bigotry and disappointed passion.

But Austria is conservative: and no better evidence of the good fruits resulting from this conservative spirit need be required, than is found in the pregnant fact, that she is capable of erecting a bulwark in Europe, of sufficient strength and tenacity to defy the machinations of Kossuth and Mazzini; and arrest the impetuous momentum of that tide of rationalism, infidelity and agrarianism, which had well nigh swept the entire fabric of European society from its foundation.

It had been our purpose to trace minutely, step by step, the political transactions which have occupied the Courts of London, Paris, Vienna and Berlin, since the first assembling of the representatives of these powers at Vienna in 1853. To do this would require us to extend this article far beyond our prescribed limits. The labor however would be well repaid by the facts involved in the inquiry, and whose sturdy enunciation would prove how greatly Austria has been maligned; and with what steadiness of purpose, and thorough knowledge of the real questions involved, the Austrian Cabinet through its minister Count Buol has marched towards the conservation of peace and the great interests of European society. This indeed would seem to be her assumed mission: but whether the accomplishment of it will be attained, will depend upon events yet entombed in the future, and whose proportions and consequences must depend very greatly on the degree of political virtue and heroic firmness that may be found in the men who will be called on to receive and resist the concussion that must follow on their advent.

J. T. M.

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#### CANADA AND HER HISTORIANS.

Continued from page 86.

THE two remaining works are the "*Histoire du Canada*," by Garneau, a lawyer at Quebec, and "*Histoire du Canada*," &c., by M. l'abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, a sort of errant count, who figures in Mexico, Canada, France and Italy, in various kinds of literary creations. Both these works, though written in French, by Catholics, one even a clergyman, deceive all our expectations.

Garneau in his plan, his style and literary execution, has produced a work of which his country may well be proud, but the historian of Canada should be thoroughly Catholic, or at least should be capable of appreciating the Catholic spirit which created and which had so long controlled Canada. Such is his prejudice against the clergy that we suspect him of having been educated in the United States, of having been thrown a young unexperienced Canadian Catholic among the anti-catholics of the great republic, and especially among that numerous class whose beau ideal of politeness, good breeding and decency, is to affect to think and to say of the Catholic clergy and the inmates of our conventual establishment, what if but whispered of one of their own kindred, would draw upon the slanderer the indignant frown of every honorable man, and perhaps merit for him a coat of tar and feathers. In some such school Garneau learned to be ashamed of the Catholic clergy and at last learned to revile them. We should dwell less on this point had not Dr. Brownson in his review given him such unqualified praise as to excite the wonder of every real Catholic in Canada. And yet Garneau's history is

not a new book: its merits are well known, and its faults no less so. The Correspondent, a French literary journal, last year did ample justice to both. Garneau condemns the Jesuits for the affair of St. Sauveur in Maine, but Champlain justified them at the time, and no man of common sense can say that if a Catholic missionary is refused entrance in the ships, sailing to a port where his duties call him, he is to be called a merchant because he induces pious souls to purchase a craft for the purpose. This is like the self-stultifying, absurd and ridiculous charge of ignorance brought against the Irish by men whose forefathers made it a crime in an Irishman to teach or be taught. Again after seeing Kirk a Huguenot betray Canada to England, Garneau so utterly condemns the act which excluded Huguenots, that he says *ipsisimis verbis*—"If it was necessary to exclude one of the two religions, it would have been better for the interest of the colony to let the exclusion fall on the Catholics." What! with all we know of the utter want of patriotism of the Huguenots of France, can he tell us that Canada would have remained a French colony twenty years if left to the Huguenots? On the first occasion it would have joined the English, and in case of war, these Frenchmen would have run up the flag of England with joy and exultation. Protestants when in the minority and aggrieved, have ever assumed the right to revolt or join a foreign power. This cannot be denied. The principle of authority rejected at the Reformation is adhered to only as a phantom. Catholics have when oppressed tamely submitted; at the Reformation they beheld their churches and religious houses torn from them or pillaged and destroyed; at a later period they submitted to double taxes, laws against the education of their children, laws depriving them of the exercise of their religion, and submitted without making a single effort to hurl to atoms the government that did them wrong. Even now Catholics in this vauntedly free republic have seen their convents and churches burnt by mob violence, and, as the New York Tribune remarks in wonder, have never retaliated.

If the question then was which would make better subjects of France in the new world, Louis XIII could not hesitate: he must send Catholics alone: he did so, and from 1632 to 1763, the banner of France resisted amid Canadian snows all the power of the English colonies.

Again Garneau condemns the clergy of Canada for the long and zealous efforts which they made to prevent the sale of spirituous liquors to the tribes among which they labored. What can be more clear or justifiable than their conduct! The ministers of God wrong in preventing occasions of sin among their flock!

Another attack on the clergy is the old see-saw humbug, so oft repeated, screamed in the streets, yelled in pulpits, printed in school books and taught to children in our public institutions. And what is this? The Catholic clergy are enemies of light, of education! "Then," says Garneau, "the clergy, like the governments under which they lived, considered popular instruction more dangerous than useful." Well done! Mr. Garneau. Quebec had a college before New England could boast of one: the Canadian clergy taught Mohawk boys to read and write within twenty miles of Albany, at a time when there was not a Latin school in the whole colony of New York; and so connected was Catholicity with classical studies in the ideas of the people, that in 1685 when a Latin school was opened at New York, the teacher was *ipso facto* suspected of being a Jesuit: and later still when Protestant missionaries wished to evangelize the Five Nations, they employed mission Indians from Canada, who knowing how to read and write, to copy out the Lord's Prayer, and the commandments for the Protestant clergy, and thus the ignorant pupils of the friends of ignorance, became the

teachers of the learned! and in our own day the only missionary to the Mohawks and Oneidas is one who speaks no Indian language, except his native Caughnawaga dialect which he learned on the banks of the St. Lawrence, before he discovered that he was king of France. So far from there being a paucity of schools in Canada, they superabounded. There were schools at every religious house, male and female, except the convent of the hospital nuns. And the schools of the Jesuits and Recollects must have been mere incidental auxiliaries in the cause of education, if we are to believe the English government, which suppressed the houses of those orders as unnecessary, and of course an enlightened Protestant government would not check education. Hence by the admission of the British government there was a superabundance of education at the conquest, a superabundance which they prudently and wisely undertook to check. But joking aside, the only religious body in Canada, of purely Canadian origin is the "Sisters of the Congregation" whose foundation is coeval with Montreal, and who are exclusively devoted to teaching: and when we remember that at a period when there were only 2,500 inhabitants in Canada, it had at least five bodies engaged in teaching, Jesuits, Sulpitians, Recollects, Priests of the foreign Mission, Ursulines and Congregation Sisters, we must admit that there were teachers enough to instruct not only children but parents also.\*

Garneau then cannot be taken as our guide: he is imbued with a false spirit. For a long time Canada owed all to the clergy and the religious feeling of the time: and it ill becomes a Canadian to revile or blacken them. We, in our land of glorious freedom, appreciate without delusion the merit of our system of common schools and its result in producing *savants* and *demi-savants*.

Continuing our examination we take Brasseur. Horror of horrors! a Vicar General of Boston, Professor of Church History in the Seminary of Quebec, member of various learned bodies! and after all a literary charlatan. He compiled his work on unpublished documents *compulsés* in the archives of Quebec, so says his title page, and so we thought when we got the work and eagerly turned over page after page to find the foot note which was to reveal to us some new and interesting document, and we find him citing only one, and that of as late a date as Mgr. de Plessis. Yet the book may be good, we thought, and we began to read, but when our eyes lighted on a brilliant passage of Bancroft, badly translated, and we found a Jesuit Relation quoted at the bottom of the page, we turned to the passage in Bancroft and found the same Relation cited. In a little while we discovered whole pages stolen from Bancroft, and the citations of our American historian with their occasional errors of orthography, duly copied by the Count Abbé. A French friend similarly discovered thefts from Marmier, and the Abbé Ferland of Quebec, who in a pamphlet of great research exposes the Abbé and shows his thefts from Montgomery Martin.

To be a plagiarist was bad enough, but when he had nothing more to steal, and must compose, he vents all his bile on the clergy and episcopacy of Canada: and on every occasion seeks to depreciate them. A French bishop had at first approved the work, but soon retracted the commendation which he had somewhat too lightly given. And Mr. Ferland in Canada and in Paris by his judicious review

\* At the present moment the female communities in Canada educate nearly ten thousand girls! *Viger*, *Precis historique* in the Album presented to Mgr. Bedini by the Bishop of Canada.

of Brasseur has exposed his ignorance, his literary theft and bad faith, and nobly redeemed the honor of the episcopacy and clergy of Canada.

Thus stands the matter: we Catholics wish to read the history of Canada, and down to 1740 we have Charlevoix: but where is the continuation: where the history of Canada under the British domination which we can as fearlessly put into the hands of the young. Now more than ever materials are accessible, and time enough has elapsed to enable a historian to speak impartially and fearlessly. Canada has many capable of a work honorable alike to themselves, their country, and their religion. Let us trust that a Ferland, a Faribault, a Taschereau, a Martin or a Viger will soon refuse to be content with desultory labors, but with zeal and ability begin a history either from the colonization, or at least from the close of Charlevoix.

We have thus reviewed the historians of Canada, but we cannot close without again adverting to the article in Brownson's Review. Its eulogy of Garneau is not its only fault, it displays much of his spirit and much of the prejudice of our older historians, with a want of thorough information on the subject. Of these we may adduce some proofs. We have already noticed its slur on the writings of the early missionaries: but this is not the only attack; in another place it represents the Marchioness de Guercheville as supporting the Jesuits, "ruining Potrin-court and reducing the poor inhabitants of Port Royal to the hard necessity of subsisting an entire winter on *roots* and *acorns*." Now Lady Guercheville is the friend of the Jesuits, who, when they having been put off for two years by Potrin-court and his son, and were finally refused passage by the Calvinist merchants, bought out their interest and assigned it to the mission, as the only means of enabling the Fathers to reach America. In this certainly she did not ruin Potrin-court. At Port Royal the Jesuits shared all the hardships of the colonists. Father Biart sawed plank, Father Massé built a scow and fished for the whole colony: but even then they were denied the merest necessities, and when they claimed it as a right, for their mission was a partner in the whole concern, Biencourt, the son of Potrin-court, a mere boy, threatened to have them tied up and flogged! On this the missionaries resolved to return to Europe and actually embarked, but Biencourt by violence compelled them to land. When this was heard in France, Lady Guercheville sent out a vessel to take the two Fathers away and found a new independent mission station, which they did on the coast of Maine.

Such was Lady Guercheville's persecution of Potrin-court. Of the whole affair we have three accounts: that of Father Biart, published in the *Litteral Annual* of 1611 and 1613, and twice republished; that of Lescarbot, a partisan of Potrin-court, who brings another charge against the Jesuits, that they intolerantly opposed the polygamy of the Indians; and thirdly, that of Champlain, who being a cotemporary, and unbiased, is perhaps the fairest one to take in the controversy. As to the facts, however, we appeal to the three.

Again, after depicting the early fur traders, among whom he classes Champlain, Perrot, Jolliet and Lasalle, as reckless adventurers, he states that they and the missionaries "were ever most closely allied." This is not all, he represents the converted Indians as more sanguinary and more ferocious than in their Pagan state. Such is the picture the reviewer gives us of the Canada missionaries. They ruined Port Royal, were the allies of reckless adventurers, and deprived the Indians. And that the picture is incorrect we appeal to Charlevoix, to Bancroft, to Sparks, to Governor Lincoln, and even to Parkman.

Again, that there is a lack of information in reference to Canadian geography and ethnology displayed in the article, we may judge from the fact that he tells us that when Champlain arrived, the country around Quebec and Montreal was deserted by those who inhabited it in Cartier's time, and was inhabited by still more barbarous tribes of the Huron family. Unfortunately the inhabitants of Montreal in Cartier's time were of the Huron family, but when Champlain came, as his vocabulary shows, there were none of the branches of that family in Canada out of the territory between Ontario and Lake Huron; all was in the hands of the Algonquins. In another place he speaks of the Huron country as along the banks of Ottawa, when in fact that nation occupied a small peninsula on the shore of Lake Huron bordering on the river Wye, and the Ottawa tribes were Algonquin. In another place he puts Cardinal Richelieu among the Governors and Lieutenants General of Canada, a fact of which even Mr. Jacques Viger has been hitherto ignorant, for he has not included the Cardinal in the famous list of Canadian Governors that graces his "*Album des Souvenirs Canadiens*:" and we, like him, acknowledge our ignorance of the period when the Cardinal was Governor. A few lines lower down, Kirk is transformed into Sir David Keith. On the next page we find the common error of making St. Joseph and other Huron towns, "villages where the Indians converted to Christianity lived under the direction of the missionaries." On the contrary, they were pagan towns, in which the missionaries resided, but in which they had made a number of converts; in no case, however, as far as we can judge from the narratives of the time, a majority of the inhabitants. The name taken from the Calendar of Saints was given properly to the mission in the town, but frequently applied by them to the town itself.

These cases will we think sufficiently show the general incorrectness of the reviewer. His old colonial prejudice is no less apparent. The French government of Canada had its faults, but we do not think it deserves the sweeping denunciation given it. The reviewer makes the English rule far better: "never guilty of the gross abuses, which disgraced the old regime." But it is chiefly in the matter of the Indian allies of the French that he shows his prejudice. It has been constantly a charge against the French that they fought side by side with their Indians; and often in the Indian fashion. This is the fact; the guerilla parties sent out by the Canadians were avowed, and were often attended by missionaries, but we do not think that these clergymen "dishonored the ministry of their God and the Societies of which they were members by their presence," as the reviewer does. The English used the Indians as much as the French did, but not openly. They excited the Indians to ravage the French frontiers, they paid bounties for scalps, they sold bibles and scalping knives to country traders, they sent agents with many war parties, and occasionally a considerable number of English and Indians would under Schuyler or some other leader, enter Canada. These things are now cloaked, and were even then cloaked, that the people of these parts might piously roll up their eyes and groan over French depravity.

Writing on this subject some years since news arrived of the bombardment of Vera Cruz by the Americans, and we read the sickening details of ladies, children, sick and aged, slain by bursting bombs or walls reeling under cannon balls; and we wrote—"War is ever cruel; cruel in our day, as in the day we write of: the infant or the woman in a beleaguered city, whom the bombshell deprives of life, dies not less cruelly than one who fell at Schenectady by the tomahawk in 1691."

The Catholic Indians of Canada were murdered daily by the pagan Indians of New York, excited and paid by the English. They retaliated on the English:



they went as Christian warriors: they said as fervent prayers at morn and eve, we trust, as the white man: they approached the confessional as cognizant of right and wrong. In the heat of the attack many helpless ones were doubtless slain, but it is no less true that many women and children were saved and carried with great toil to a place of comfort. Hutchinson fully acquits the French of unnecessary cruelty in these expeditions, and we have constant evidence to show that in these cases the presence of the pastor did much to remind the Indians of the doctrine of humanity so often preached to them. We believe the early missionaries as a body to have been as good moral theologians as any in our land this day, and we find Thury of the Seminary of Quebec, Begot, Rale, Druilletes, Rafeix of the Society of Jesus, Dollier de Casson and Picquet of St. Sulpice, acting as chaplains to such expeditions, and we do not think that they were more guilty than Fathers Rey and McElroy who acted as chaplains in our army in our war against Mexico: or any chaplain who now should accompany the Pueblo Indians and American troops against the Apaches, and against the Mexicans or any other people who should send the Apaches against them, as the English sent the Iroquois against the Canadians.

And after all, what was the amount of slaughter effected by the Canadian war parties? That against Schenectady, "the frightful success of which will long," the reviewer tells us, "fill a bloody page in the annals of Indian cruelties," resulted in the death of thirty-three adults, seventeen children and ten negro slaves; that against Deerfield killed forty-seven: that against Haverhill about one hundred. These are detailed in glowing colors in our histories, but those histories do not tell us that the Iroquois, instigated by the English, slaughtered in one hour of a stormy night, two hundred Canadians at Lachine: they tell us nothing of any other massacre of Canadians at English instigation, and would have us believe that the scenes of Schenectady, Deerfield and Haverhill were original aggressions and not retaliations, cruel as all retaliations are, but only so.

The point is one which may be discussed at any length, but we think it necessary to read documents more before attributing the origin of the Indian warfare to the French: and before we excuse the one who sends the Indian alone to his work of death, to condemn him who accompanies him on his errand.

We have thus reviewed the field of Canadian history, in a manner desultory indeed, but yet we trust at sufficient length to draw attention to its importance as connected with our own, and its interest to ourselves in particular as Catholics. If we have been diffuse in exposing what we consider popular error and prejudices, a love of impartiality must be our excuse. As American in heart as any man in the country, we deem it an insult to exaggerate our cause: and think it time that our history was more fairly and less partially written. We reject the prejudices of our forefathers, and between them and their rivals stand in no attitude of fond love or unjust hate.

S.



## THE LIFE OF P. T. BARNUM,

*Written by Himself.* Redfield: New York. 1855. 1 vol. 12mo.

## SUNNY MEMORIES OF FOREIGN LANDS,

*By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," &c.*  
Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. N. York: J. C. Derby. 1854.

LITTLE as these books may be worth, in themselves, they are as Ormus and Ind, in view of what they signify. Like all works of their class, they of course owe something of their success to the art and mystery of publishing, but they nevertheless supply an actual, existing demand, and they indicate, pretty fairly, its nature and extent. If we may look to the importation of silks and brandies, as evidence of our progress in luxury and intemperance, it is hard to understand why the prices we pay for our moral and intellectual raiment and stimulants, and the quantity and quality of them both that we consume, should not avail equally, in their line, among our national statistics. Unhappily, the rule applies with too much truth and force in the present instance. The books before us might be buried in some corner-stone, with the coins of the day and a lithograph of President Pierce (as the custom is), to be dug up, two centuries hence, and they would tell a truer and fuller story then, in their way, of the morals and taste of this our country and generation, than all the Bancrofts of after days could contrive, from the most mouldy and respectable records. There are Barnums in the historical, as well as in the menagerie department, and the world is fast finding this out, as it gets older. The centuries to come being still wiser than we, in this particular, would know that they could understand us better, from seeing the things that we had bought and relished, than from all the formal and express memorials we had thought fit to consign to them, as our story. They would see our features reflected in the objects of our taste, but would not be sure that the truth was told in the annals we had concocted. Yet, multitudinous as the considerations are which the volumes before us suggest, as types of our day and people—the limited scope of this magazine permits us to touch but few of them. It requires some self-denial, we confess, to keep within our narrow and legitimate range—for not only are the symptoms of public distemper which the success of such works must display, invaluable for the purposes of a moral diagnosis, but the fact of their being exposed to the world for money, invites a liberal application of surgical science and the most expanded freedom of hospital treatment.

Mr. Barnum has one merit—that of perfect, nay, ostentatious frankness. He has no scruple about admitting that he is an impostor, because that is, precisely, what his biography is written to show. Having made a fortune by false pretences, he is not only willing to confess the fact, but has the professional pride of a juggler, in showing his audience how the tricks were done. Perhaps the state of the case may be better described, by saying, that having been paid for cheating, he is now glad to explain, for further pay, the details of his *modus operandi*. Mrs. Stowe's work is not, in form, a biographical sketch, but it is, in fact, a series of involuntary photographs. She is perpetually placing herself in such lights, as to leave her likeness on the wall, in spite of her. She thinks, in her innocence, that she is recording sunny memories of other people, when the very sun itself is all the while engaged in tracing memories of her. In the midst of her portraits of lords and ladies, qua-

kers and presbyterians; among her sketches of saints and statesmen, pictures and statues, glaciers and donkeys; is the perpetual presence of her own self-satisfied countenance—radiant with the joy of her own greatness, and rapt with the wisdom of her own twaddle. Her book, therefore, is better than a biography, because it is an unconscious record—a likeness, taken when she does not know that she is sitting for it and has not put on her cap of maintenance. Like Miss Kilmansegg's jewels, it is a "solemn bequest to vanity"—not the less precious (or vain either) because of its solemnity.

The most natural enquiries suggested by both of these productions—and not a whit the less by one than by the other—are—why were they written?—why are they read? The booksellers' returns afford a very satisfactory reply to the first question. On the title page of "*Sunny Memories*," we find the expressive words, "Fifteenth thousand," and we doubt whether our copy is from the last edition. Of his biography, the illustrious proprietor of Iranistan has probably sold so many copies, that he has ceased to keep count. Certain it is, that Irving and Prescott, Halleck and Longfellow, all together, in all their lives, have never reaped from their works one-half the harvest which the showman and the strong-minded woman have gathered, in one or two seasons. How has this happened? What can it mean?

There was a time when people must have lived lives, before they could sell them. It was necessary for them to have been something, or to have done something, which the world knew and valued, as a model or a warning, before they could persuade or induce the world to buy or read their stories. Milton thought, in his grand way, that a book was the author's life, as it were, treasured up. Now it seems that every body's life is treasured up to make a book. In the great poet's deep idea, the book was the expression of the life—not the tale of its incidents, but the result of its experiences—not a chronicle of the mind's processes or the heart's sufferings, but what the mind knew and was, and what the heart felt and had become, through all and after all. As things and people now go, instead of dropping the trifles of their trifling lives into the wallet where time puts alms for oblivion, both men and women deposit them in a sort of charity-box or savings-institution, whence they come forth, after many days, as a benefaction to mankind or a fortune for the owner. It is quite unimportant who the individual is. Precisely as we any day may see the most unmeaning, vulgar or atrocious faces, looking out from miraculous gilt frames in the windows of the daguerreotype shops—just so may we find the same manner of people staring stupidly or wickedly at us in biographies, from booksellers' shelves. Dead or alive, great or little, famous or infamous—the author of a code or the man who was hanged under it—every one has his equal chances of a "life." If the subject be famous, he will be taken to have deserved it. If infamous, curiosity will justify it. Quite as large a crowd will turn out for a public execution as for a state-funeral or a great man's welcome—and the fellow whose business it is to carry around the hat, cares for very little but the number of his contributors.

Barnum and Mrs. Stowe! What should this world, or any world in the whole "plurality," care for them—that they should make it the depositary of their individual confidences and personal experience? What is the inventor of the "wooly horse" to this visible, diurnal sphere, more than the "wooly horse" itself? Why should this vast continent, annexed or unannexed, concern itself about his father, his uncle or his grandfather, and the recital of their knavish tricks and clownish nonsense spun out into detail, to show that he, their representative, has taken im-

posture by descent? And Mrs. Stowe—with all the reverence of Sir Hudibras for the shadow of her shoe-tie, as a mother in Israel—of what pleasure or profit should it be to the nineteenth century and to a shrewd, intelligent, practical, self-respecting people, to know the details of her praise-hunting and tuft-hunting abroad, and how she was made giddy and absurd by it? She had the good fortune to write a book—a very effective one of its sort—but still one that would never have passed beyond the honors or profits of a magazine story, if its heroes had been white, any more than her friend “Miss Greenfield,” (of whom she writes so much) would ever have been called a “swan” but for the luck of being black. Yet Mrs. Stowe’s book did catch the world’s applause. It chimed in, at a critical moment, with the views, and interests, and the excited feelings of a powerful party at home, while it flattered the prejudices, deceived the ignorance, strengthened the convictions, and inflamed the fanaticism of communities abroad. But, more than all, the cause it advocated breathed no little of that music,

“to whose tone  
The common pulse of man keeps time,”

and the book went directly to the public mind through the public heart. It was magnified at once into a great work, and Mrs. Stowe, of a sudden, became a famous writer. The book was translated into all the languages known to the learned blacksmith. The *bœuf gras* at Paris was christened “L’Oncle Tom,” and hosannas to “Madame Béchare” resounded among the Alpine snows. The lady was fêted at Stafford House, and all turtledom was in commotion to meet her at the Lord Mayor’s. Every day awoke her to breakfasts, lunches, dinners and soirées, with all manner of intercalary feasts and refreshments, well seasoned with complimentary speeches and made digestible by evangelical doctrine. Exeter Hall outdid itself, in her behalf, and even went so far in the tumultuous expression of its Christian sympathy and admiration, as to frighten the fair beneficiary and require the interposition of the police. Purses, pens, cups, inkstands, and all conceivable varieties of heterogeneous liberality, were showered upon her without stint. Fifty pages, in small print, at the opening of her first volume, contain the record of the pleasant discourses that were made to her, and that she or the worthy professor, her spouse, was eloquent enough to deliver in reply. In fine, never was good woman—except Jenny Lind—so much magnified and exalted. Only Barnum could have procured for her a more universal ovation, by dexterous advertisements and politic falsehood, than that which she obtained for herself by the simple process of misrepresenting her own country and echoing foreign abuse of it. Accustomed as we are to wonder at nothing that is done by the fanatics whose temporary idol Mrs. Stowe became—we confess ourselves unable to repress our indignation and disgust at the harangues which she prepared for Mr. Stowe to read, and those to which she permitted herself to listen. If what she told and heard of her country was false, it would hardly be decorous to say of her what she deserves. If it was true, there is scarcely less reason to reproach her for the melancholy vanity, which made her welcome and repeat, because mingled with her own praise, what she should have shrunk from in silence or tears, if she had an American or womanly spark in her soul.

As a book of travels—the work of a mere woman, not an apostle—the “Sunny Memories” are mediocrity beyond redemption. They illustrate or adorn nothing that is old, and they tell us nothing worth knowing, that is new. Of her noble and cler-

ical hosts and hostesses, and all the high and mighty and sainted people that she met, she writes in the "God bless every body!" tone of Fitzgerald in the Rejected Addresses. In regard to some of the literary celebrities she communicates peculiar and late information. Mr. Hallam, she tells us, wrote the Constitutional History of England, and Macaulay reviewed it. Dr. Lushington is "a Judge of the Admiralty Court, *that is to say, of the law relating to marine affairs!*" Milman "was, for many years, Dean of Westminster," and Macaulay is "celebrated as a conversationalist." In respect to poetry also, she has her private stock of ideas. Milton—who ought to be quite Puritan enough for any body—"pains" her by the impiety of "introducing second-hand pagan mythology, into the very shadow of the eternal throne." She mourns in devout sackcloth and theological ashes, over his heathenish and "evident imitations of Homer," in some parts of the *Paradise Lost*! Pope and Dryden, likewise, are far too pagan for her taste, which finds nothing in the English language to equal "in melody and majesty" Dr. Watts' paraphrase of the one hundred and forty-eighth Psalm. How she manages to overlook, in such a connection, the genius of Sternhold and Hopkins, is matter of wonder to the uninitiated mind! Upon art, her criticisms are akin to her notions of poetry. Rembrandt, she says, "is like Hawthorne"—not, of course, in his features or complexion, or in having been consul at Liverpool—but in his "sombre richness and mysterious gloom." She might more appropriately have said "like the author of *Uncle Tom*"—in his management of *chiaro oscuro*—his charming contrasts of black and white. Rubens she likens to Shakspeare, "for his variety and vital force"—a compliment Rubens would have valued extremely, in view of the explanation she adds to it, that "some of Shakspeare's finest passages explode all grammar and rhetoric, like sky rockets—the thought blows the language to shivers!" A dangerous painter, Rubens, to have in one's neighborhood! Why did not the philanthropy of "Madame Béchare" communicate to the Emperor, the existence in the very Louvre, of such infernal machines as his works must be? Corregio's sacred pictures suggest to her "Tom Moore" writing a prayer book—and she finds in Murillo's Conception, (which she calls the "Assumption of the Virgin") a want of "earnest" and religious feeling—such a want as she discovers in reading Pope's Messiah. In reference to music, her views are startling. "Nearly all the music before Christ," she quotes from her brother, "was in the minor scale, and since Christ, it has come to be in the major." From this sublime allusion there is but one step to a *salon musicale* and the Princess Czartoryski, with Frankomm playing upon an instrument one hundred and fifty years old, "which cost six thousand dollars!" Frankomm completed the impression of wonder and delight which the lady had evidently derived from the sight and music of an instrument worth so much money—by informing her that he had read *Uncle Tom*, and when he read it he exclaimed—"this is genuine Christianity!"—"ceci est la vraie Christianisme!" The reader who is familiar with French will not set down this blunder to the Reverend Mr. Beecher, for the same paragraph tells us that he had interpreted between Frankomm and Mrs. Stowe, and it would be unkind to suppose that he did not understand the language he was translating. It was obviously a delicate compliment on the part of M. Frankomm, who knew that a sympathy for the rights of women was a weak point of the lady (and perhaps of the Professor), and therefore endowed Christianity, for the nonce, with the feminine gender!

We have yielded, it may be unduly, to the temptation of following Mrs. Stowe through her work, and yet we have not done so altogether unconsciously. We

have desired to let the reader see, for himself, that over and above the points of similarity, to which we shall presently advert—we have done the lady no injustice, even in a literary point of view, in presenting her to the public on the same platform with Mr. Barnum. Only one thing we may add, and that is—that the “Sunny Memories” have put an end, for ever, to the idea of Mrs. Stowe’s being a woman of genius. She has done herself and the public poetical justice. She has dispelled the “Uncle Tom” illusions on that point, so utterly, that they can impose on no body any more. She has herself settled it, conclusively, for all time—that putting aside her philanthropy and her philo-melanthropy; taking the black faces, the cabins, and the clanking chains out of her melo-dramas; knocking from under her reputation the props of sentimental sympathy and party zeal; she is but a strong-minded, common place, elderly lady—very fanatical and very oracular—full of spiritual pride and earthly vanity—very fortunate in having made a great deal of money, and very inconsiderate of her fame, in not having gone home to live on it, without troubling the world again. A more universal and total collapse than her glory has undergone, in England, we do not remember to have witnessed in the annals of literary explosion. In her own expressive phraseology, she has “blown” herself to “shivers.”

With the literary merits, or the detailed incidents, of Mr. Barnum’s biography, we do not intend particularly to concern ourselves. On the whole, his book is written a great deal better than might have been expected—certainly in less bad taste than Mrs. Stowe’s. This grows out of the fact, we imagine, that he writes about nothing but what he understands, and does not attempt to make himself out much wiser or grander than he is. When he goes to Court, with Tom Thumb, he knows that he is sent for as a showman, and does not pretend to be on intimate terms with the Queen. Mrs. Stowe, on the contrary, is altogether ignorant of the fact that she is a phenomenon, on exhibition, and imagines and rejoices that she is made much of, because of the delight which the aristocracy take in her society. She writes about princesses and duchesses, as if she had gone to school with their mothers, and had called them, from their infancy, by their Christian names. When Mr. Barnum’s talk is of mermaids, he is as much at home as the painter in the *Epistle ad Pisones*. Mrs. Stowe, upon her part, is by no means so well prepared to discuss the *Venus of Milo*. He is quite content to have made himself rich by the singing of Jenny Lind, and foots up his columns of dollars and cents without the slightest affectation of æsthetics. Mrs. Stowe, on the other hand, is in a perpetual struggle between the finite and the infinite, “the outward” and “the inward”—between the philosophy of Kant, which she does not comprehend, and the cant of her own philosophy, which no one else does. In plain, downright English, they are both humbugs—Barnum a mountebank—Mrs. Stowe a transcendental pretender. His selfishness is sordid, petty and palpable—hers, quite as active, and though draped and veiled, not at all more respectable. Her aims are much higher than his—the harm that she does is of course more general. He openly violates the moral precepts to be found in every spelling book; the corrective is therefore simple and always at hand. She mystifies the less obvious principles of public morality and private duty, and her assault is the more dangerous, for being indirect and evangelical. He cannot injure many, whom the temptations of gain might not corrupt without him. She strikes at the large and most impressible class, who insist upon thinking, without knowing exactly how. He is content to have a calling—she sets up for a “mission.” The sins of his disciples, it is probable, will lie mostly in advertising and swindling—those of hers, in preaching and conspiring. His

book may be the text and temptation of bankrupt or fraudulent circus-riders: her teachings are those which, in New England, make sects and traitors.

But, with all these differences in kind and degree, there are two points upon which the rivals are in harmonious accord—the value of religion, and the lofty consciousness of possessing it. “I have been indebted to Christianity,” says Mr. Barnum, “for the most serene happiness of my life, and I would not part with its consolations, for all things else in the world. In all my journeys as a showman, the Bible has been my companion, and I have repeatedly read it, attentively, from beginning to end.” Every important incident of his virtuous career is coupled with an acknowledgment of “the mercy of God,” and the very last words of his biography are—“the Kingdom of Heaven.” It is, as if some saint or dying martyr were reminding us, that

“Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust!”

Mrs. Stowe's professions are of a more ambitious character. She is, herself, Gamaliel—she sits at no one's feet. Of the world's “progressive men” she rather inclines to Calvin. His burning of Servetus was, “like the witch persecutions of New England” “a fragment of past absurdity”—but by no means “a personal peculiarity” of his! “Luther” she says, “was the poet of the Reformation (how unjust to Dr. Watts!) and Calvin its philosopher. Luther fused the mass, Calvin chrystalized!” “Calvinism,” she adds, “in its most essential features, will never cease from the earth, *because the great fundamental facts of nature* (meaning sin and sorrow, we suppose), *are Calvinistic, and men* (to say nothing of women) *with strong minds and wills always discover it!*” Mrs. Stowe has discovered it—the conclusion is obvious! But she does not rest satisfied with this dainty morsel of doctrine. “M. Alfred de Musée” (which we suppose is the Uncle Tom-mish for “Musset”—though it is the French for Museum) “M. Alfred de Musée, the first intelligence of the age” observes to M. Belloc, who is painting Mrs. Stowe's portrait—“Say nothing about Uncle Tom!” We should admire M. de Musset if he had confined himself to this very natural request—but he did not. He added: “There is nothing like it. It leaves us all behind—all, all, miles behind!” M. de Belloc hastened to apprise Mrs. Stowe of the fact, and corroborated the truth of it, himself, by assigning the reason—“*There is more genuine faith in it, than in any book!*” This, the lady publishes herself, bodily, along with M. Frankomm's certificate, already referred to, that Uncle Tom is “true Christianity!” Being, thus, miles ahead of the first intelligence of the age—having more faith than ever was written, and being the author and proprietor (copyright secured) of true Christianity, in the concrete—what wonder that Mrs. Stowe should go forth preaching and to preach? Who shall dispute her orthodoxy, or rebel against her infallibility? How shall so superior a being—so endowed and so inspired—who has got the start of the majestic world so far—how shall she be questioned by common people? Shall she not have her own will and her own way, and shall not Stoweism, like Calvinism, be for ever hereafter as “fundamental” a “fact of nature,” as earthquakes and predestination? Whatever may be Barnum's superiority in other particulars—in the apostolic capacity he must hide his diminished head. There is but one chance for him, and that consists altogether in “the modesty” alluded to by Mr. Hodgson, the chairman of the Uncle Tom meeting at Liverpool, “which shrinks instinctively from unnecessary publicity!” On that point, certainly, he



has somewhat the advantage. He is not modest—at all events, not to the extent of shrinking. We have Mr. Hodgson's word for it, that Mrs. Stowe is.

Yet we confess that we prefer Barnum as a preacher. He desecrates the Scriptures, it is true, by connecting them and their holy lessons with himself and his life and practices—but he does so, only now and then, and in a vulgar and palpable way. In the main, he is content to be a showman—to make the pulpit an adjunct to the caravan. The Bible is his text only—it is Mrs. Beecher's sermon, and she is always in full canonicals, ready to expound. One of her many reverend adulators, in a speech which she republishes in full, is eloquent upon her gift in using and applying the language of Scripture. This is her pride and her profanity—and so—while Barnum, in his Sunday discourses (when the Menagerie is closed) is contented with an allusion to Moses, Mrs. Stowe has the air and the unction of perpetually writing Deuteronomy. She goes through the Louvre, judging the Scripture-pieces by her concordance, and she works up every travelling glimpse at a mountain, into a vision vouchsafed to her from the Apocalypse.

But we have said enough for our space and our purposes, and we must needs go back to one of the questions with which we started—why do the American people buy and read these books? It is easier to ask this than to answer it. The one is the shameless confession of a common impostor, who has taken the money of the public by downright falsehood and vulgar fraud. The other is a record of spiritual inebriety—an illustration of what vanity, fanaticism and success can do with a narrow and heated mind. Fear God and cheat your neighbor—is Barnum's moral. Believe in yourself and preach to your neighbor—is Mrs. Stowe's. Lie and swindle as much as you please—says the voice from Iranistan—but be sure you read your Bible and drink no brandy! Slander your country and curse your brother, unless he be black, says the Pythoness of Andover—there is no harm in anything, if you quote the Scriptures and know you are inspired! Are the public so misguided, so perverse, or so blind, that they cannot or will not understand such things? Is there sufficient sympathy with trick and untruth, among us, to make men tolerate Barnum? Is there enough lack of taste, and sense, and rational religion, to render the rhapsodies of Mrs. Stowe acceptable to the religious and educated masses? We are pained to admit that these enquiries suggest answers which startle us. We are afraid that Barnum is tolerated, because our sensibilities are not nice—because success may render almost any thing tolerable to us. We fear that the triumph of Mrs. Stowe is the echo of what is worst in her—that fanaticism is popular—that Pharisaism is revered—that presumption passes for authority—that unintelligible phrases are taken for philosophy and strong minded twaddle goes for eloquent piety. In this country, people rarely buy what they do not want or like, and they do buy Barnum and "Sunny Memories."

We make no apology whatever to our readers for treating these matters without much ceremony. We see no propriety in any forbearance towards such books or people. Nor do we conceive that we are bound to any especial reverence for what they would call things sacred and things serious. Cant is always solemn, and if solemnity is to strike men dumb, cant reigns of course, supreme. We should be sorry, indeed, if it could be rightly counted irreligious, to scorn and denounce the mockery of religion by a quacksalver, or to expose the book-writing elect, in their profitable process of self-canonization. The press only can undo the evil which the press does, and the remedy must be suited to the disease, in kind as well as quantity. Ridicule is certainly no test of truth, but in the main, in human things, it is a pretty fair test of what is ridiculous—and there are some sins which can be reached by it only. Offenders, like Barnum, may be kept in order by the statute against false pretences—transgressors like Mrs. Stowe are only harmless, when laughed at.

X.



## THE DISCUSSION ON THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Continued from page 103.

OUR readers were perhaps surprised at the close of our last number to find themselves abruptly abandoned at the end of considerable digression. We were sorry to leave them in such strange company as the apostate Franciscans. Without spending time in explanation, we will simply lead them back to our subject, by remarking that the conduct of the Church on the occasions we have mentioned, proves that her long reserve about speaking authoritatively on the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, could not proceed from unworthy fears, nor from being at a loss to discover the truth. She keeps silent or speaks out, only as she judges most conducive to the glory of God. She regards not the judgment of men, except as it affects their spiritual welfare.

At length in 1617, Pope Paul V, judging it expedient no longer to leave truth and error on equal terms, published a decree forbidding any one to assert, even in lessons and disputations in the schools, that the Blessed Virgin was conceived in original sin. In 1622 Gregory XV extended the same prohibition to private conversations; permitting however the members of the Dominican Order to assert it among themselves. At the same time he commanded that in reciting the Office and Mass of the festival even in private, the word *Conceptio* should be used. The effect of this was to abolish the practice which had been hitherto allowed to the Dominicans, of substituting the word *Sanctificatio*.

These two decrees virtually ended the discussion as to the fact of our Lady's Immaculate Conception by making it unlawful to deny its truth. There was a further question, whether it was one of those truths which God has revealed to His Church as part of the deposit of faith. The two pontiffs last mentioned were earnestly pressed to declare it an article of faith. Philip III of Spain, corresponding with the wishes of his pious subjects, sent an extraordinary legation to Pope Paul V for the especial purpose of obtaining such a definition; and Gregory XV received a similar deputation from Philip IV; but neither of these pontiffs judged that the circumstances called for a solemn decision.

A still more clear expression however of the sentiments of the Holy See was given by Alexander VII, in his constitution, *Sollicitudo omnium Ecclesiarum*, published A. D. 1661. The direct object of it was to enforce the decrees of his predecessors, but he does not hesitate to use and repeat such expressions, as show that the prohibition to deny the doctrine implied a tacit but very positive assertion, of its truth. "It is an ancient act of piety in the faithful of Christ towards his Most Blessed Mother the Virgin Mary, to believe that her soul, at the first instant of its creation and infusion into the body, was, by a special grace and privilege of God, in view of the merit of Jesus Christ her Son, Redeemer of Mankind, preserved free from the stain of original sin, and in this sense to keep and celebrate with solemn rite the festival of the Conception. And this worship of theirs increased after our predecessor of happy memory, Sixtus IV, had published his apostolical constitutions in commendation of it, . . . so that now almost all Catholics embrace it." He then "renews the decrees of Sixtus IV, Paul V, and Gregory XV, published in favor of the opinion asserting that the soul of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in its creation and infusion into the body, was endowed with the grace of the Holy Ghost, and preserved from original sin; also in favor of the

festival and of devotion to the Conception of the same Virgin Mother of God, exhibited according to this pious belief."

We will not stop to comment upon this. The careful reader will note for himself how decisive are some of the clauses, and how strong an interpretation they put upon the preceding constitutions. These clauses in turn receive still greater light and force from the manner in which they are quoted by our present Holy Father, in the letters apostolic in which he has had the glory of giving the final solemn definition.

While Gregory XV then had forbidden men to dispute with others against the truth of the Immaculate Conception, this bull of Alexander VII, showed that they ought not even to doubt it in their own minds. The other question, whether this truth was revealed by God, though distinct in theory, can in practice hardly be separated from it. For although theologians could conjecture that God would have exempted the Queen of Heaven from ever being subject to Satan, yet they could not infallibly know that he had done so, unless he himself had revealed it. Hence, after the truth of the doctrine had been put beyond all doubt, by the decrees mentioned above, there was not much more discussion upon the subject. Some theologians pass it over entirely; some lay down the doctrine and prove it like any other proposition that is certain but not of faith. St. Alphonsus Liguori, in his Moral Theology, has a distinct dissertation upon it, in which he maintains that it was proximately definable: that is, that it was certainly a revealed truth, which might be defined without further investigation, if the Holy See thought fit at any time to publish a definition. He quotes with approbation the sentiment of Duval: "I think it best to say that our belief stands at the very summit of theological certitude, and that nothing is wanting in it for the assent of faith, but the express definition of the Church." (S. Alph. Liguori, l. 7, n. 244 et seq.)

In the same manner various other theologians and spiritual writers speak upon the subject. If they desired a dogmatic definition, it was not for the removing of doubts, but for the advancement of piety. The truth was established, and it was a revealed truth. A dogmatic decree could not make it more true nor more certain; but it could raise the certainty from the rank of human conviction to that of Catholic faith, and change a mere natural assent to truth into a supernatural and meritorious act of virtue. This would greatly redound to the honor of the Blessed Virgin and the glory of God, that every time we should think of her Immaculate Conception we might make it an occasion for an act of faith; and it would be sure to draw most powerfully her eyes of mercy towards us banished sons of Eve. This definition then was desired not so much for the satisfaction of the intellect as for the gratification of the heart, and the saintly souls who chiefly longed for it, felt that it was to be obtained not so much by argument as by prayer. The Church had already pointed out the truth in one way; to do it in her most solemn form she must wait until God should be pleased to indicate by circumstances that He wished her to exercise her high prerogative of uttering an infallible definition. The best mode of hastening this, was for those who wished it, to obtain God's blessing on their wishes and ripen the church for this happy consummation, by increasing the piety of the faithful, and especially by extending and deepening their devotion to this privilege of our Blessed Lady.

The only continuation then of our subject is a history of how this devotion spread wider in the church, and grew stronger in the hearts of the faithful. Angry contention being effectually banished, fair charity pursued her unmolested course, and this beautiful privilege of Mary took every day deeper root in the af-

fections of her loving children. Each generation exhibited new manifestations of zeal to do honor to the Immaculate Conception. At one time it was the faithful supplicating the Holy Father to allow them some practice of devotion already used by others, or to sanction a new practice invented by their own piety, or perhaps revealed to them by Mary herself. At other times it was the Vicar of Mary's Son, inviting the entire Christian family to unite in one common act of gratulation to their favored Mother.

Properly speaking, all this forms no part of the discussion, and yet it is so closely connected with it, and so appropriate a termination to our sketch, that we shall go on to mention some of the more interesting steps in the progress of the devotion.

First with regard to the festival of the Conception, we may go back to state that it seems to have originated in the East. It is spoken of as already of ancient institution, by George, Bishop of Nicomedia, who lived in the beginning of the seventh century. Trithemius, whom we mentioned above, says that in the Western Church it was celebrated by St. Ildephonsus, Archbishop of Toledo, who died A. D. 669. Others say it was first ordered to be observed by Gondisalvus, Bishop of Toulouse, who lived a short time after St. Ildephonsus; and that it had extended as far as Aquileia before the end of the ninth century. Benedict XIV, however, is of opinion that England has the honor of being the first part of the Western Church in which it was celebrated. He is inclined to give credence to the popular account, which says that the illustrious philosopher, St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, was the first to order its observance; being induced thereto in consequence of a supernatural revelation made to a Benedictine Abbot. St. Anselm died A. D. 1109, and we have seen that the introduction of the festival into France not many years later, gave occasion for St. Bernard's letter to the clergy of Lyons. In the thirteenth century it was adopted by the entire order of Franciscans; and probably in the same, but certainly in the fourteenth it was celebrated in the basilica of St. Mary Major at Rome; for a Spanish Bishop, Alvarus Pelagius, informs us that he preached there once on that occasion. In 1476, as we have already mentioned, it was published for the entire world. Afterwards various countries begged to have an octave attached to it, so that it might be celebrated, like the Assumption, and several other feasts, for eight successive days. This was granted by the Holy See, first to one country, and then to another, until Innocent XII, in 1693, ordered that the octave, like the feast itself, should be observed throughout the world. Finally, in 1708, Clement XI made the Conception a holiday of obligation, commanding all to hear Mass on that day, and to abstain from servile works as on Sunday. Our country is dispensed from the observance of this as well as of several other holidays.

The progress of the authorized use of the term Immaculate Conception, forms another interesting index to mark the advancement of this devotion. The Sovereign Pontiffs were cautious about adopting it in their language to the universal Church. As they did not think proper to publish a dogmatic definition, so neither did they like to make use of a phrase which so expressly contained the doctrine. When Clement XI published his bull "To command the observance of the Feast of the Blessed Mary, Virgin Immaculate," one printer in a town in Italy inverted the words so as to make them read: "— of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary." The pope directed the bishop of the place to reprimand the printer for his presumption or carelessness, and to suppress the copies thus falsified. While the pontiffs, however, abstained from using the expression in

their own official language, they did not refuse to allow and even encourage the use of it by others whose piety led them to employ it. In the Office and Mass appointed by the Holy See, it was not contained; but in the beginning of the last century the clergy of Austria obtained permission from Benedict XIII to recite every Saturday an office entitled: "Of the Immaculate Conception."

The first time that we know of the Pope having published to the whole Church an express sanction of this term, was in 1793, when Pius VI granted an indulgence of a hundred days for the recital of a little prayer containing it. It was an appropriate time for the Father of the faithful to break through the prudent reserve of his predecessors. The Reign of Terror was prevailing in France, and the civilized world was shuddering to see the diabolical excesses that polished men were capable of committing, when they forgot their fallen state, and fancied they could make all things right under the guidance of natural reason, without any help from God. This prayer was calculated to avert God's anger, because it contained an implied confession of our original sin, by praising Mary as the only one exempt from it, and begging for God's assistance; and it offered some reparation for the blasphemies uttered against the Saviour of the world, by paying honor to the most glorious trophy of His victory over sin. The prayer, which still enjoys the same indulgence, is as follows. "*In thy conception, O Virgin Mary, thou wast Immaculate. Pray for us to the Father, whose Son Jesus, conceived of the Holy Ghost, thou didst bring forth.*"

But our own generation has been blessed with a more wonderful increase of this devotion than any preceding one. The late Sovereign Pontiff, Gregory XVI, of happy memory, authorized first some and then others, to use the term Immaculate Conception, both in the divine office and also in the holy sacrifice of Mass. We are not sure that the Franciscans did not obtain this permission before his pontificate: but if he did not originate it, he certainly extended it very widely; and at length he made known that he would gladly allow it to all whose piety should instigate them to apply for it. In the papal chapel the expression was inserted in the solemn Mass of the festival in 1843. Great was the consolation of that venerable pontiff, and great was the edification of the whole Catholic world, when the illustrious order of Dominicans, among whom had formerly been found the chief opponents of the doctrine, presented through the Father General their petition to be permitted to add to the Litany of the Blessed Virgin that supplication which has since become common throughout the world: "Queen conceived without original sin, pray for us." Joyfully did the Holy Father grant their request, and joyfully was the strain caught up by the children of Mary in every quarter of the globe. This permission was extended to the diocese of Baltimore in 1840, and to the whole United States in 1846. The request coming from the Dominicans was doubly gratifying, because it so effectually removed one obstacle in the way of a dogmatic definition—delicacy about declaring to be formal heresy an opinion which had been supported by learned and holy members of that well deserving order.

But God himself had given the most direct and multiplied proofs of his holy will that men should believe this doctrine and cultivate an especial devotion to it. The wonderful propagation of the Medal of the Immaculate Conception, and the innumerable blessings that every where accompanied it, were a demonstration of God's especial favor, and a strong confirmation of its claim to a supernatural origin.

It was given to the world from the noviciate of the Sisters of Charity in Paris, a community which has always cherished a particular devotion for this privilege

of our Lady, and been accustomed to make a profession of belief in it every day at the recital of the beads.

It was in September 1830, that one of the young sisters, during her meditation one day, beheld a picture of the Blessed Virgin standing in the attitude represented on the Medal. Her hands were covered with diamonds, from which issued beams of brilliant light directed towards the earth. Around the picture, was inscribed in letters of gold and in the French language, the invocation now so familiar to us all: O MARY! CONCEIVED WITHOUT SIN, PRAY FOR US WHO HAVE RECOURSE TO THEE. She heard a voice telling her that the beams of light were emblems of the graces that Mary obtains for men. After a few moments the picture was turned, and on the other side were shown the figures which we see on the reverse of the medal; the letter M surmounted by a cross, and beneath it the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. Again she heard the same voice saying: "A medal must be made according to this picture; and whoever will wear one that has been indulgenced, and recite this short prayer with fervor, shall enjoy a very especial protection from the Mother of God."

When the novice mentioned this strange occurrence to her spiritual director, he saw nothing in it but what might proceed from a lively imagination, excited by close meditation. Though it returned a second and third time, he made no account of it, until happening to mention it to the archbishop, the prelate told him that even if it was the effect of imagination, the idea of the medal was a good one, quite conformable to the spirit of the Church; and he recommended him to have it put in execution.

After some delays the medal was struck in June, 1832, and distributed among those who desired to have it. The Sisters besides wearing it themselves, offered it to some of the sick in their hospitals. Several unexpected cures and several wonderful conversions, in which the medal was clearly the instrument of God, excited admiration and gratitude, and soon obtained for it the appellation of the Miraculous Medal. Many persons asked for it, and it began to spread with a kind of accelerated velocity; for every one who received it became zealous to make it known to others. It carried with it too a blessing, not only to increase the fervor of the pious, but to open the hearts of those who had cared little about objects of devotion; so that this medal was received and worn by numbers who had never worn such things before. In some of the towns of France almost all the young men procured it, and one military officer of superior grade, sent an order for sixty medals to give to other officers who had asked for them. From France it passed quickly into other countries of Europe, was soon carried to China, and many of us can remember how early after the date of its first execution, it became well known in our own country. The book from which we draw our account,—*Notice sur la Médaille Miraculeuse*,—and which was printed in 1842, states that down to the time in which it was written, there had been sold by the one house which first struck the medal, two millions of copies in gold and silver, and eighteen millions in other metals: and there were eleven other manufacturers in Paris, busily engaged in making and selling them, besides four in Lyons, and many in other parts of France.

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A. C. U.

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### SPEAK NOT HARSHLY.

#### *Selected.*

Speak not harshly—much of care  
Every human heart must bear;  
Enough of shadows darkly lie  
Veiled within the sunniest eye.  
By thy childhood's gushing tears,  
By thy griefs of after years;  
By the anguish thou dost know,  
Add not to another's woe.  
Speak not harshly, much of sin

Dwelleth every heart within;  
In its closely covered cells  
Many a wayward passion dwells.  
By the many hours mispent,  
By the gifts to errors lent,  
By the wrong thou didst not chide,  
By the good thou hast not done,  
With a lenient spirit scan,  
The weakness of thy fellow man.

## THE LEGEND OF SISTER BEATRICE.

### PART II.

ON a peaceful little vale, the day  
Its radiant course had run;  
And the distant hills wore a rose-like blush,  
At the glance of the setting sun.  
Those who had labored, sought for rest  
And the welcoming word that brings  
More joy to the heart than the treasures of earth,  
The power or wealth of kings.

Along the shady village road,  
A stranger took her way;  
The little children paused to gaze  
Upon her in their play.  
Her steps were slow, her pallid cheek  
Showed she had known deep care;  
And yet her pale and sorrowing face  
Was marvellously fair.

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And asked if he might show,  
As she seemed strange, the place to which  
The lady wished to go.

" 'Tis to the Convent," she replied.  
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" And gladly, if you will permit,  
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Every human heart must bear;  
Enough of shadows darkly lie  
Veiled within the sunniest eye.  
By thy childhood's gushing tears,  
By thy griefs of after years;  
By the anguish thou dost know,  
Add not to another's woe.  
Speak not harshly, much of sin

Dwelleth every heart within;  
In its closely covered cells  
Many a wayward passion dwells.  
By the many hours misspent,  
By the gifts to errors lent,  
By the wrong thou didst not shun,  
By the good thou hast not done,  
With a lenient spirit scan,  
The weakness of thy fellow man.

## THE LEGEND OF SISTER BEATRICE.

### PART II.

On a peaceful little vale, the day  
Its radiant course had run;  
And the distant hills wore a rose-like blush,  
At the glance of the setting sun.

Those who had labored, sought for rest  
And the welcoming word that brings  
More joy to the heart than the treasures of earth,  
The power or wealth of kings.

Along the shady village road,  
A stranger took her way;  
The little children paused to gaze  
Upon her in their play.  
Her steps were slow, her pallid cheek  
Showed she had known deep care;  
And yet her pale and sorrowing face  
Was marvellously fair.

An old man kindly spoke to her,  
And asked if he might show,  
As she seemed strange, the place to which  
The lady wished to go.

"Tis to the Convent," she replied.

"That is my way," said he,  
"And gladly, if you will permit,  
I'll bear you company,—

'Tis nearly time for Angelus."

And, even as he spoke  
The chimes from out the Convent tower  
Upon the still hour broke.

The lady started, and her eyes  
Grew dim with gathering tears:  
Since last she heard its sound, had passed  
Full many miss-spent years.

"Oh! heard you ever, friend," she said—  
(And crimson grew her face)

"Aught of a Nun who, years ago,  
Resided in this place?  
Her name was Sister Beatrice."

The old man smiled, and said  
"Know her, our best and truest friend?  
God's blessing on her head!  
You surely are a stranger here,  
And from a distance too.

We know and love her tenderly  
Our beautiful and true!  
Our every pain and grief grows less  
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That to our Blessed Lady she  
One little prayer will pray."

The lady sighed, and humbly thanked  
High Heaven that the place  
Deserted by an erring soul,  
Was filled by one of grace.

And then she thought how merciful  
Was he who caused the name  
Of her who sinned to pass away,  
Like wax before the flame;  
And made a good and holy one  
To do the deeds she should have done.

*Legend of Sister Beatrice.*

They entered in the little porch—

She gave one look around:  
Her heart grew faint, tears filled her eyes,  
As the low murmuring sound  
Of many voices met her ear  
In deep and heart-felt prayer,  
That rose from virtuous hearts to heaven  
Like incense in the air.

And as she sank upon her knees,  
She joined with faltering breath  
Their words, "Pray for us sinners now,  
And at the hour of death."

The chapel is empty; she still is there,  
And her throbbing brow is pressed  
To the steps of the altar where she had flown  
For mercy and for rest.

She has turned away from the pleasures of earth  
In her most triumphant hour;  
She has fled with her wildest dreams fulfilled  
Of rank, of wealth, and power.

She was deaf to the tenderest voice of love,  
And fled in the shades of night,  
From the palace where she had reigned so long,  
The queen of the lovely and bright.

Weeping and prostrate, now she breathes  
"Oh! Mother pure, I fly  
With broken heart to this thy shrine,  
Within its shade to die."

What gentle voice is that which meets  
The sorrowing sinner's ear,  
And in its soft and gentle tones  
Bears comfort, hope, and cheer?

And raising up her eyes she sees  
A form—it is her own!!  
And round it glows a light like that  
Round Heaven's starry throne:—

"Have courage, child, forgiven are  
The sins that thou hast done.  
Thy pardon I have gained from him,  
My well beloved Son.

"The place thy absence vacant left,  
I filled. I knew that thou  
Would'st come again with broken heart  
And penitential brow.  
None knew thy absence—take thy place!"

And as her bless'd words cease  
The sorrowing wanderer felt within  
Her heart that holy peace,  
That all must feel who find a grace  
And favor in her eyes,  
Who ne'er was known in any age  
A sinner to despise.

## PART III.

Years had rolled on, the bell still hung  
In the Convent turret gray;  
It had tolled for many a noble heart  
For ever passed away;  
For the brave and the young, the good and the old,  
Sleeping alike, 'neath the church-yard mould;

And still it chimed out thrice a day  
The beautiful *Angelus*,  
In memory of the Eternal One  
Made man for love of us.  
And children prayed, as their sires had done,  
In that chapel at rising and setting of sun.

An aged nun with snowy hair,  
And calm and holy face,  
At morning, noon, and eve was sure  
To kneel within that place;

And all looked on her as a saint  
That need but close her eyes,  
To join her Maker in those realms  
Beyond the starry skies.

And many marvelled why it was  
That one so good as she  
Most loved to hear the tales of those  
In sin and misery.

And ever did the erring find  
Hope, comfort and advice  
Fall on their wounded hearts from her,  
The sainted Beatrice.

EATHNA.

*Williamsburg, L. I., Sept. 1854.*

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## JESUITISM AND ANTI-JESUITISM.

WE select the article which we herewith present to our readers from the pages of the "*Rambler*," as one worthy of much attention. It commends itself by moderation, high tone, and truthfulness. We do not believe that at this day the illustrious Society of Jesus needs apologists among enlightened and right minded Catholics, yet it is well for them to recur from time to time to facts connected with the history of the Society, if only to repel the calumnies of its enemies. There are, however, better reasons why those of our faith should be well informed in this history, for from the time of the Reformation, it is intimately interwoven with the history of the Church, and we may say without exaggeration, with the history of the world in all its aspects.

The four quarters of the globe, Europe, Asia, Africa and America, have resounded with the teachings of the Jesuit fathers, and have been drenched with the blood of Jesuit martyrs; all conditions of life, whether savage, barbarous, or civilized, high or low, rich or poor, must acknowledge the zealous services of this apostolic fraternity. They have made themselves all things to all men, in the sense required by the apostle; they have erected the altar in the wilderness, and passed their lives in the wigwam of the wild Indian; they have followed his fortunes through feasts and famine, wars and pestilence, to win his soul to God; they have lived among the poor slaves seized upon their native soil, and sold into a hard bondage, without hope in this world, or in the next, but for the self-sacrificing labors of these true servants of God; they have taught the poor Africans that their task-masters had no power to send their souls to hell, and that there was room for them in that house of many mansions prepared for his servants by the common Lord and Father of all men; at the same time they have faced kings and the great ones of the earth and have told them of their duties to God and man; they

have taught the peasant boy of Europe the first elements of letters with his Catechism; they have instructed the conceited mandarin of China in geography and astronomy for the privilege of teaching his Buddhist brethren the history of the redemption, and the mysteries of the faith; they have silenced the Bonzes of Japan in presence of their emperor, and have brought some of them into the fold of Christ; they have made of many savage pagan tribes peaceful and happy Christian communities—they have carried with them every where civilization, arts, sciences, letters, faith. These are historical facts—not fancies—their enemies admit them. If the tree is known by its fruits, as the fruits are good, so must be the tree.

And what are the offsets to these known facts? Calumnies, imputation of motives, vicious theories attributed but never proved, and so forth. Thus it is charged against them that they assume, teach, and practice, that evil may be done that good may come of it; or in other words, that the end justifies the means. This is absolutely false, positively calumnious. It is alleged that they wish to keep the world in darkness, to repress intellect, to hinder education. It seems idle to reply to such a charge, yet there are those who believe it. In spite of the splendid schools they have every where established and maintained: in spite of their immense and most valuable labors in every legitimate field of literature, art, and science, published to the world, and freely used by all men of learning, knaves cry aloud, and fools believe them, that the Jesuits are the men who would put the light of knowledge under a bushel! In the article "Jesuits," in the *Encyclopedia Americana*, written professedly by the opponents of that body, we find amid many injurious reflections such concessions as these:—"Their schools had uncommon success, as the best of that time. A single college frequently had several hundred scholars; the young nobility were almost exclusively sent to them, and even from Protestant countries, (now mark this, reader!) so that the Protestants found it necessary to establish *Lyceums and Academies for the gentry, of a character suited to the higher demands of the age.*" The same article goes on to say that the Jesuits rendered "important services to the cause of literature." It speaks of various members who advanced the sciences of history and geography, mathematics and astronomy, the study of languages and of rhetoric. "The world could not but acknowledge them to be improvers and benefactors of their age." . . . . . "Unquestionably the world had much reason to rejoice at their fall, although a great part of the members were entirely innocent; and their former services will always be gratefully remembered."

The popular hue and cry in this country against the Jesuits is, that they are essentially opposed to republican institutions. This is well known to be false. They are conservatives every where, and anti-revolutionists under any enduring form of government.

We find our preface getting unreasonably long, so we will spare the reader, that he may enjoy something better; he will soon observe for himself that an article at once able and impartial will reward his attentive perusal.

THE rise, progress, and fall of the Society of Jesus constitute one of the greatest facts in the history of the Church since the Reformation. Born at a period of disaster, of conflict, and of reform, the Society experienced in its infancy a course of difficulties much the same as that which has attended the first years of other influential religious orders. Once established, it started to maturity with extraordinary speed; and when mature, it acquired an influence, and held a position, unprecedented in the annals of religion. Then, almost suddenly, after two centuries of existence, a storm burst upon it from within and from without the Church; its powers of practical resistance seemed stricken with a mortal paralysis; and in a



few years, amidst the shouts of its enemies, and the tears of its friends, it fell; and its memory alone remained behind it.

Scarcely had a generation passed away, when the destroyed Society was recalled to life by the same supreme authority which had laid it low. Its second creation was as easy of execution as its extinction; but the Society has never regained its old pre-eminence and power. Its works have been noble; its spirit undying; the animosity of its foes, and the attachment of its friends, have alike been resuscitated; but it is no more the one most prominent object which attracts the eyes of the observer in the existing state of things. It is still, in many respects, the first of religious orders; but its position in the Church it has never regained.

Of the links which unite the Jesuits of the present time to their predecessors before the suppression, perhaps the most remarkable is the vehemence of feeling with which their cause is espoused or opposed by almost every one who comes across them, whether in the way of historical criticism or personal intercourse. The intensity of the agitation which shook Catholic Christendom at the time of their suppression, can, indeed, be scarcely estimated by us who live in quieter times. Still, it is rare to find the subject of Jesuitism discussed without some degree of the heat of partisanship. There is a certain something in the Society which rouses the sensibilities, the suspicions, or the admiration of Catholics of all grades to a most unusual extent. Wherever the Jesuit goes, he is ordinarily a marked man; and he cannot pursue his way without encountering far more of severe censure or extravagant eulogy than generally falls to the lot of Catholics, whether priests or laymen, seculars or religious.

The old bitterness of the anti-Jesuit controversy has recently, as most of our readers know, been revived by the publication of a book on the suppression of the Society by Father Theiner, the very learned and able Prussian ecclesiastic resident in Rome. The conduct of Clement XIV, the Pope who suppressed the Society, has from the first proved one of the most exciting, and at the same time one of the most delicate subjects which can exercise the judgment of the historian. From Protestants and anti-Jesuits that Pontiff has naturally met with little else but extravagant eulogy; and he has been cited as the most courageous, the most enlightened, the most anti-ultramontane of Popes. No suspicion of inferior motives, no imputation of timidity or bondage, has for once been fastened by the critical world upon a Roman Pontiff. Others, writing usually from the Catholic point of view, and seeing in the Jesuits nothing but a body of persecuted saints, and eager at all risks to hold them up to admiration, have adopted the opposite extreme of opinion, and unhesitatingly condemned Clement XIV for his treatment of his devoted followers. Of this class of writers, Cretineau-Joly is the most conspicuous. As it has been said, in his eagerness to exonerate the children, he has slain the father; while the opposing party, in order to justify the Pope, have slain the children.

Father Theiner has entered heart and soul into the ranks of the anti-Jesuits. He holds, in a word, that the Jesuits *deserved* to be suppressed. His *History of the Pontificate of Clement XIV* is not a justification of Clement on the ground that circumstances compelled him to make a frightful sacrifice, and that he could not have done otherwise; but on the ground that the services of the Jesuits were no longer in themselves, and as a whole, desirable to the Church. The object professed by its writer—and we have no right to say that he had any other object in view—was to do honor to the Holy See, and that alone. His book, however, has by no means been accepted in this light, even by many who are far from being thorough partisans of the Jesuits. It is considered that, so far from elevating the reputation of Clement, he has compromised it, by holding him up as actually led away by the malicious imputations of infidels and bad Catholics, and as insensible to the true character of the Society which was the subject of his decree.

As might have been expected, various replies have been called forth by Father Theiner's work. They have had more or less success; but will all, it seems likely, be thrown into the shade by the answer of one of the Jesuits themselves. The late general of the Society, Father Roothaan, not long before his death, wrote to Father de Ravignan on the subject of Theiner's book, expressing his own views as to the right line to be adopted in order to put the question in its true light; and acting on this, De Ravignan has brought out his *Clement XIII and Clement*

XIV. We cannot better express our sense of the results of F. de Ravignan's labors, than by saying that it is emphatically the work, not of a partisan, but of an historian. Calm, temperate, forcible, and with that self-possessed yet intense earnestness which belongs only to the highest class of French minds, it furnishes a complete picture of the historical part of the question, presented with an amount of lucid arrangement and unaffected vivacity of style which entitles its author to a very high place in the ranks of historical writers. To those who know Father de Ravignan, it is enough to say that his book is precisely what might have been expected from him. Simple, modest, shrinking from exaggeration, aiming at truth rather than originality, thinking not of himself but of his subject, and possessing a perfect mastery over the bearings and facts of that subject, he has done more than perhaps was ever done by any one person before to set this painfully-interesting question in a clear light before the eyes of every unprejudiced Catholic. That it must tell strongly in favor of the Society, which he loves with all the fervor of an honest heart, and at the same time rescue Pope Clement XIV from the imputations which have been cast upon him, cannot, we think, be doubted for a moment. And if an augury were wanted in favor of the future progress of the Society in the respect and the affections of all good Catholics, it is surely to be found in the production of a book on one of the most exciting and blinding of subjects so free from rancor and passion, and so honorably fulfilling the promise of the motto which Father de Ravignan has placed upon his title-page:—"The Popes need nothing but the truth."

The conclusion which Father de Ravignan draws from the history of the times can be briefly stated. It is as follows:—that Clement XIV was forced by the relations which he found subsisting between the Holy See and the Catholic sovereigns of Europe, to destroy the Society of Jesus. He never condemned the Jesuits; he never wished to condemn them; in his early days he was much attached to them. He did his utmost, according to that policy which he held to be best for the interests of religion, to postpone, if possible altogether, the suppression of the Society. In accordance, finally, with the same policy, he yielded to the demands made upon him; accounting that in the end the Catholic faith would suffer less from the loss of the Jesuits than from an open rupture with their innumerable and powerful enemies. Whether, abstractedly considered, Clement's view was correct or not, Father de Ravignan gives no opinion of his own. He merely reminds the reader, that the hostility of the anti-Jesuit monarchs to the Papacy was not, in fact, destroyed by the immense concession made to them; and that infidelity consummated its triumph after the Jesuits' fall. But he gives no hint that he believes that the Bourbons and the atheists would really have done less deadly mischief to Christianity if the Pope had braved their anger to the utmost, and defied them to do their worst. For ourselves, we follow Father de Ravignan's example, and express no opinion on the question; not alone out of prudence, but because the subject is really most obscure and complicated, and because it is always perilous to speculate on what would have taken place had Almighty Wisdom ruled the world in a different manner from that which it has pleased It to adopt.

At the same time, the history of the fall of the Jesuits is so pregnant with suggestion to us, who are enabled to contemplate it with the equanimity of a subsequent century, that it is impossible not to derive some measure of practical instruction from the record of that most extraordinary event. No reflecting person can help forming some sort of an opinion as to the Jesuit question, both as respects the past history of the Society, and their present condition and future prospects. No one who has the interests of religion and humanity at heart can avoid speculating at times on that violent agitation of the mind of Christendom which ended in the suppression of so astonishingly powerful a community, or asking himself at times whether there was not some real evil, great or little, involved in the existence of a Society, which Catholic princes united to assail, and which a pious, amiable, and liberal-minded Pontiff was willing to destroy.

Is it possible, then, to find any clue to guide the ordinary observer through the mazes of that wide-spread and confused controversy? With Catholic arrayed against Catholic in opinion; with such a mountain of books and pamphlets on the Jesuits and Jesuitism piled up before the eyes, that a whole life would scarcely

suffice for mastering their contents; and with the strange fact that even now there exists in many minds deserving of much respect a most manifest tendency to irritability and partisanship either on one side or the other, the moment the Jesuits are brought under discussion—is there any hope for the candid looker-on, whose sole desire it is to know facts as they were and as they are, and who aims only at doing justice to the Jesuits, without pledging himself to an indiscriminating defence of every act that has emanated from them? It may seem presumptuous if we answer this question in the affirmative. When, in the midst of the innumerable host of publications on the Society, it is difficult to lay our hands on any one book which is not distinctly devoted either to attack or to extol the Jesuits without limit, what chance can any fresh writer have of indicating a path through the controversial wilderness, which seems to have confused the eyesight of so many, so learned, and so able men before him?

We think, nevertheless, that this preliminary objection to any professed solution of the difficulty disappears when the whole case is fairly stated. The true case we conceive to be this, that while few persons have *written* on the question except as an advocate or an enemy, many have existed, and do exist, who have thought and conversed in the most perfect spirit of judicial impartiality. The pro and anti-Jesuit literature of the last century-and-a-half is not a fair representative of Catholic opinion. The immense mass of persons whose views have been guided by justice and moderation have usually kept silence, so far as the press is concerned; and the result has been a remarkable contrast between the candor and good sense of private life and the heat and exaggeration of public statements. If, then, we express a conviction that, after all, it is not so difficult to see one's way through the labyrinth, we are but placing on paper the ideas which are entertained by reasonable persons in every part of the Church, whose observations have led them to a satisfactory conclusion, without assuming that every Jesuit is either more or less than a man.

As for the most prominent feature in the history of the suppression of the Society, it is sufficiently indicated in F. de Ravignan's book, of which we have been speaking; of which book, indeed, it is the burden. No good Catholic can avoid the conclusion, that a suppression which was the especial work of the open enemies of Jesus Christ was undeserved. Whether or not, if we may venture to introduce so awfully sacred a parallel, "it was expedient that one man should die for the people," it is one of the most incontrovertible facts in history, that the men who pushed on the suppression of the Jesuits had no regard whatever for the glory of God and the salvation of souls; they were not pious, devoted, self-sacrificing persons, whether ecclesiastic or lay, who conscientiously disapproved of the conduct and principles of the Jesuits. Here and there, no doubt, such persons were to be found in the Church, who did not resist the suppression, who might even desire it, and who feebly joined to swell the cry against the Society; but it is not fair to pretend that the Society fell before the assaults of such respectable foes as these; its real destroyers were of two classes—kings and politicians, who openly disobeyed the moral precepts of Christianity, and avowed the principle that Christianity ought to be obedient, as an instrument, to the temporal power, which alone is practically supreme; and the infidels of the modern school of "philosophy," which, originating with English atheists of the school of Hobbes and Lord Herbert of Cherbury, found its final development under the leadership of Voltaire, D'Alembert, and the rest of the French sceptics. We cannot, of course, enter into any very lengthened proof of these facts; but a few illustrations will be amply sufficient to enable an observer to form his opinion.

The Pope himself, Clement XIV, saw through the whole pretences of the enemies of the Jesuits as clearly as any one. Monino, the ambassador of Charles III of Spain, one of the most bitter of the anti-Jesuit sovereigns, relates in a dispatch, that the Pope had told him distinctly that he saw the real aim of his master. "I have long seen," said Clement, "to what they wish to arrive: it is the ruin of the Catholic religion; schism, perhaps heresy—this is the secret intention of the monarchs."

D'Alembert, one of the most distinguished and influential of the infidel party, openly exulted in the knowledge that the French Parliament and the Jansenists

were but the tools of the atheistical "encyclopædists" in attacking the Jesuits. "The parliaments," he writes to Voltaire (May 4, 1762), "think they are serving religion; but they are serving reason without regarding it; they are exacting strict justice on behalf of philosophy, whose orders they receive without knowing it. It is not the Jansenists alone who are killing the Jesuits, it is the *encyclopedia*."

Voltaire's horrible blasphemy would be too revolting for quotation, but that it is necessary to show that the cause of the Society was identified with that of Him whose name it bore. "Once," said he, writing to Helvetius, in 1761, "that we have destroyed the Jesuits, we shall have fine sport with Jesus Christ."<sup>8</sup>

When the work was done, Voltaire thus congratulated the Marquis of Villeville: "I rejoice with my brave chevalier in the expulsion of the Jesuits. Oh, that we could exterminate all monks, who are worth nothing more than these knaves of Loyola!"

As for the kings, who gave an appearance of decency and regard for authority to a movement which aimed at the subversion of all laws, divine and human, they betrayed incessantly by the tone of their language that their sole object was the repression of a spiritual power which they found it impossible to reduce to submission to their selfish tyranny. At this fatal period the Catholic sovereigns of Europe were united in a deadly war against every thing that opposed their personal absolutism; themselves, for the most part, feeble in intellect, they were served by ministers who to a considerable degree of skill in the art of controlling the people and the nobles united an utter disregard of religious principle, and made the abolition of the Papal Supremacy over each national Church the key-stone of their political systems. In the carrying out these hateful theories the Jesuits were an unconquerable obstacle. Yielding to the purely secular demands of the sovereigns to an extent which we think occasionally mistaken, on the point of the Papal Supremacy they stood invincible and incorruptible. With education and the guidance of souls in the hands of the "knaves of Loyola," the establishment of national Churches against the authority of Rome was simply impossible.

The Jesuits, therefore, must be destroyed; they must be destroyed, however, perfectly legally, with decency, propriety, and at the same time effectively. No banishment from the soil of this or that country would suffice; if they existed on the face of the earth, they might return and trouble the repose of deified despotism. For this end no authority less than that of the Holy See would suffice; as one Pope had created the Society of Jesus, another must annihilate it. A league, accordingly, was entered into by these eminently "Catholic" princes, to force the Pope to abolish Jesuitism altogether. Their plan was, to threaten the Holy Father with menaces which must make him tremble for the general interests of religion, in case he refused to grant their desires. The whole matter resolved itself into a question of policy: would it be better to sacrifice the Jesuits, or to see France, Spain, Portugal, Naples, Parma, Venice, erect themselves into so many schismatic kingdoms, to be led on from one crime to another, and finally, perhaps, to emulate the example of the English Henry and Elizabeth, the open persecutors of the Catholic Church? One Catholic potentate alone stood firm. The greatest woman, nay, the greatest sovereign of her age, Maria Teresa of Austria, stood aloof from this conspiracy, in which the house of Bourbon led the way in trampling alike on the rights of the Christian and the liberties of mankind. Frightful and shameful indeed has been the after-destiny of this bitter anti-Jesuit family. The children of Maria Teresa have sat firmly on her throne; and after the shocks of a century of revolutions, her descendant is the only monarch of the old Catholic reigning families who now remains great and popular. The Bourbons, who seemed to have Catholic Europe almost in their grasp, have become a by-word for all that is feeble or faithless; and Europe pities every people that may still come under their sway.

While Benedict XIV lived, it was supposed by some persons that it was possible that an arrangement might be made under the auspices of that great Pontiff, by which a reconciliation should be effected between the Jesuits and their enemies. On his death, Clement XIII (Rezzonico) opposed the whole tenacity of his cha-

\* We suppress the frightful term which Voltaire was wont to apply to our Blessed Lord, and which he here uses in the original.

acter and devotion to the resistance of the demands of the kings. When Clement died, the monarchs prepared for the crisis without a vestige of scruple or hesitation; their intrigues in the conclave which was to elect the new Pope assumed the character of an unconcealed dictation, the one point on which they insisted being the destruction of the Jesuits by the Pontiff about to be chosen. Their power among the Cardinals was so skilfully employed, that though the anti-Jesuit Cardinals were decidedly in the minority, a Cardinal was chosen of whom the suppression of the Society was undoubtedly expected. Ganganelli, a Franciscan, amiable, accomplished, pious, and of excellent abilities, was placed in the Chair of Peter, and took the title of Clement XIV. From the moment of his accession he suffered no rest from the Bourbons and their fellow-conspirators; at length he gave a promise in writing that he would suppress the Jesuits, and when that step was taken, he was persecuted till the Society should be no more. On the 21st of July, 1773, the brief of abolition was signed. The entire history of the machinations of the kings and the philosophers is given at length in F. de Ravignan's history; and it may be said, without exaggeration, that a more mournful and distressingly-interesting episode is scarcely to be read in the pages of the history of the Christian Church. As for the Jesuits themselves, they proved that many of the charges against them were false, by the absolute and unrepining submission which they rendered to the decree of the Supreme Pontiff.\*

Such, then, is the great palpable fact which meets the eye of the inquirer at the outset of his investigation; so far the question is solved: the Jesuits were offered up a sacrifice, to appease the wrath of those who either avowedly hated Jesus Christ, or who sought to bind his Vicar in the chains of kingly domination. On this point we cannot forbear quoting the noble and affecting words with which F. de Ravignan concludes his history; words fervent with simplicity, and touching from the humility they breathe in every syllable. He quotes the well-known saying of M. de Ronald: "All the world knows that the expulsion of the Jesuits was the work of the passions, and the triumph of false doctrines; . . . if a Pope under constraint suppressed the Jesuits, a Pope in freedom re-established them;" and then he breaks out, with all the eloquence of a wounded heart:

"Nevertheless, notwithstanding the weightiest testimonies, notwithstanding the reparation made by true and impartial history, notwithstanding the solemn restoration pronounced by the Vicars of Jesus Christ, I cannot conceal from myself that the Society of Jesus always meets with hostile opinions, blind prejudices, and an opposition lasting and often full of hatred. Whence comes, then, I ask myself, this permanent aversion, of which the children of St. Ignatius have been the object at all times and in all places? I declare, in sincerity of conscience, and after a long study supported by facts, that this is a condition of affairs which I believe to be, humanly speaking, inexplicable. Whence, in fact, comes this hatred, this horror of the very name of Jesuit, in the minds not only of men condemned by public opinion for their impiety and anti-social doctrines, but also of certain men whose conduct, morals, learning, and perhaps piety, are well known?"

"I willingly bow my head and humble myself without a reply, submitting myself to the justice of the Supreme Judge; but with the most confident conviction that this is an error, involuntarily adopted by these honorable adversaries.

"Nevertheless, I allow myself to ask in my turn a question:

"If the accusations urged against the Jesuits are well founded; if it is true that they have corrupted the morals of Christianity; that by a fatal laxity they have opened the door to all kinds of vice, under the mask of piety, as Pascal accused them of doing: if it is true that they have preached insubordination, instigated people to rise against their rulers, and even sharpened the regicide's dagger; if, on the other hand, they have fostered tyrannical and retrograde notions and changes; if, by the nature of their institute and spirit, they are and must be given to disturbance, to chicanery and intrigue; if they are thus guilty of the most contradictory prevarications, imbued at the same time with the most revolutionary and the most

\* It ought always to be remembered, that the Brief of Abolition, while reciting the crimes of which the Jesuits were accused, pointedly abstains from expressing any belief that those accusations were deserved.



oppressive opinions and principles—how is it that tyrants have hated them and banished them? How is it that those who are the disturbers of the public peace, the enemies of all social order and all authority, have reviled them, persecuted them, and proscribed them in every way? Whence comes the inextinguishable hatred of these men, who ought to find in the morals and conduct of the Jesuits a justification of their own vices and crimes? How is it that they have not loved and caressed these prevaricating religious, since they must have found in them their own accomplices? How is it that they have not recognized and accepted these intriguers and busy bodies (as they were called by Charles III of Spain) as useful and powerful auxiliaries? How?—but I stop; these questions are my reply. Injustice has lied against itself, says the Holy Ghost: these contradictions are inexplicable, on the supposition that the accusations are true; grant them to be false, and then every contradiction, every difficulty disappears. Here, then, is the true case; against the Jesuits all the enemies of the Church, all the enemies of social happiness and order, have leagued with a savage union and steadfastness; on the other side the Jesuits have had—and, thanks be to God, they still have,—among their defenders the most devoted of all the chief supporters of religion and society; they have them for their most illustrious, their truest, their most venerable friends. What is the conclusion?

“But once more: how shall I account for certain honest prepossessions existing against us? In truth, I cannot do it satisfactorily: for I examine myself; I question my conscience, my intimate knowledge of the institute, of those who have embraced it; I take into consideration the matters which make up our life, and which made up those of our fathers; and I answer to myself, No! we deserve neither this hatred nor those prepossessions. But, I believe that God has heard the prayer of my blessed Father, who asked of the Lord that his children should always be the object of persecutions and trials. I believe in the hereditary traditions of certain professions and certain families, who think they would be renouncing their ancestors, if they loved and honored that which their fathers hated—the name of Jesuit. I believe that many persons accept prejudices and opinions without judging for themselves: that they do not think it necessary to condescend to understand us better by means of studying us more close at hand. I feel also, to the bottom of my heart, that men outrage good sense, not less than justice, when they suppose us, without proof, to be capable of the greatest wickedness, or at least of intrigues, plots, machinations, and a fabulous duplicity. It would rather be true and just to accuse us of too great a confidence in the persons who surround us, and often of unskilful management only too real, and this I say most sincerely.

“But I am bound to speak the language of serious reason and faith. We are priests, religious, and men like others; like other men, we have a right that the world should suppose we have a conscience, and Christian motives for what we think and do, until our acts are shown to belie our duties. The Jesuits alone are excepted from this law of fair judgment; and here, I own, I find an inexplicable enigma. God can explain it; in the designs of his wisdom, which I adore, it is his will that a small society of religious should be the object of unceasing prejudice, hatred, and even persecution. Blessed be his name!

“Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, owed his triumph to his poor and suffering life, to his ignominies, to his renunciation of his own will, to the pains of his passion, to his death, to his burial.

“It is enough for us to understand what is our lot upon earth, and to thank the Lord for ever for it. It is in humiliations, calumnies, persecutions, labors, pains, and labors misunderstood, in death itself, that we acquire our strength and our life; and it is with these arms that the Gospel has vanquished the world and hell. This is enough for my understanding and for my heart; I am silent, and I am comforted.”

Such, then, is the interpretation of the fact, that the Catholic monarchs (such as they were) of Europe united to demand the destruction of the Jesuits, and that an enlightened Pontiff granted their request. The Christian man who can see in such a fact a proof or a presumption that the Jesuits deserved the suppression, estimates human affairs by a test which is to us incomprehensible. We pass on to some other considerations, explanatory of the popular feelings against the Society of Jesus, to which Father de Ravignan does not refer, but which bear



directly on the question at issue, and which we think will furnish the candid observer with a light to guide him through the gloom of controversy.

It appears, then, to us purely impossible that, were not the Jesuits, as a body, thoroughly Christian, self-denying, and upright in their motives, and perfectly sound in their practical morals, their works should have been and be what they have been and are. We say nothing of individual exceptions; we do not attempt to justify even questionable cases of conduct or casuistry; nor do we claim for the Society any such preposterous superiority to other religious orders and other men as some of its eulogists pretend to on its behalf. We speak only of the Society as a whole; as a corporation in which some influence or other, whether bad or good, must be *predominant*; and which must give its character, as a character, to the Society, and by which, as a Society, it has an indefeasible claim to be judged. What, then, have the Jesuits done, and been doing, up to this very time, in the pulpit, in the confessional, in missions among the heathen, in dogmatic, moral and spiritual theology, and in general science and literature? The question can be answered in a moment by every person who possesses the mere elements of a Catholic library. Turn to your shelves and take down one after another the most important and admirable treatises you know of, on dogmatic, on moral, on spiritual subjects. See who are the writers who, as a class, stand unquestionably pre-eminent for the last three centuries; whose insight into Divine things has been most clear, whose spiritual perceptions have been most delicate and penetrating, whose grasp of theological science has been most large and vigorous. Read the record of missionary enterprise in America, in China, in Africa, among the rich, among the poor, among the free, among the slaves, among the prisoners; count up the names of those who have suffered martyrdom and all horrible sufferings for Christ's sake; cast your eye down the long list of classical editors, professors of mathematical and physical science, and laborers in general literature;—and then inquire how many of these have been members of the Society of Jesus; and when the extraordinary and astonishing sum-total has been added up, admit with us, that it is beyond the range of all possibility that such industry, such zeal, such self-sacrifice, such knowledge of spiritual things, should have come forth from a body of men governed by any spirit but that of Jesus Christ, or debased by a devotion to craft and dishonest selfishness, or antagonistic to the free cultivation of the human intelligence. If the Jesuits have not been devoted Catholic Christians, what men have been?

As to the mere *number* of books that have been published by members of the Society, it is, to those who have not examined the subject, absolutely amazing, and unquestionably betokens an activity of mind perfectly incompatible with that peculiar, slavish, designing, subtle, and intriguing character which is popularly attributed to them.\* Who ever heard before, in the history of man, of persons such as the Jesuits are supposed to be, devoting themselves to such works as the Jesuits have accomplished in a profusion perfectly unparalleled? Their enemies may rage and denounce; their luke-warm friends may damn them with faint praise, and wish them all the while well out of the way; but the facts of what they have written, done, and suffered, cannot be obliterated from the past; and we declare that these facts cannot be reconciled with any theory except that which the Jesuits themselves profess regarding themselves. Observe, we do not say that they prove those extravagant encomiums which some of the *friends* of the Jesuits have put forward; or that they require us, in defending the Jesuits, to disparage other Catholics, or other men of science and letters;—all we say is, that, puzzle a man as you please with *rifacimenti* from Pascal, stories about the Molinists, rumors of craft and intrigue, and accounts of the ill-will of many good Catholics against them—there the facts of Jesuit literature and history remain. If *they* have not served God with all their hearts and souls, who among us has thus served him?

\* A catalogue is now in course of publication containing the names of the Jesuits who have published books, large or small, since the foundation of the Society; with lists of their writings, and the various editions they have gone through. The number of authors amounts to more than *ten thousand*; and the first volume, which contains the catalogue of the works of only between seven and eight hundred of these, is a closely-printed imperial octavo of nearly 800 pages.

## SCENES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

THE Church which alone can give it a saving meaning for our souls, has so often presented the life of our Blessed Lord to us; she has so often by her doctors and saints led us to meditate on the various mysteries of his life, his miracles, his parables, his ordinary and hidden life, his trials and above all his passion and death, that it seems almost out of place to treat of it in a passing fugitive way. Yet it is a theme ever ancient and ever new, and we may be pardoned for endeavoring to imitate that wise father of a family, who bringeth forth out of his treasure new things and old. Our purpose is not to give a detailed life, but to select such scenes or groups of scenes as seem most to portray some affection of that sacred heart, which from the first instant of its existence was wounded with love of fallen man, nor ceased to show that love till it ceased to beat on Calvary.

"The miracle," as Cardinal Wiseman beautifully observes, "was for the unbelieving multitude; the parable was for the heartless priest and scribe; for friends and dear ones were the ordinary and domestic actions of Christ's earthly life; for apostles and disciples were his words of eternal truth, the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven." Not that they are so exclusively, for all are so interwoven that like a beautiful mosaic each relieves and heightens the other, the gesture and the tone containing as deep instruction and deep mixture of love as the parable or the miracle to those who listened not to be convinced, for they already believed, but to draw in new draughts of love from that divine fountain.

## SCENES DESCRIBED BY MARY.

In the scenes of our Lord's life which the evangelists have depicted, we find some indeed which they depict as eye witnesses, for St. Matthew and St. John certainly and St. Luke probably were constant companions of our Blessed Redeemer during his public life. The beloved apostle, especially, with St. Peter and St. James, were the blessed spectators of his glory on Thabor, his agony in the garden, and the chief witnesses as to his resurrection. So that when John writes, he tells us that he sets down "that which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon and our hands have handled of the Word of Life."\* Yet this can refer only to his public life. As to all that preceded whence did they derive their knowledge? Who told the listening evangelist the facts which proved that Jesus was the son of God, that he was conceived of a virgin, that he was born in a stable, adored by the wise men, sought out for slaughter by the usurping Herod? What lips could recount the words of the angel to that virgin whom the Trinity had from all eternity chosen to be mother of the Incarnate Word? What lips could have told those words which rise daily from so many Catholic hearts, short but unerring proofs that we believe and rejoice in the mystery of the incarnation, that we with the angelic host unite in pouring forth our congratulations to that Hebrew maiden in the very words of the messenger of God? Surely none but Mary's, none but those of her

\* 1 John i, 1.

whom the litany calls queen of apostles, of her who is queen of evangelists, the first, the greatest witness of the mysteries of Redemption, without whom our faith is nothing.

"Thus the very groundwork of Christianity, the incarnation, rests upon one testimony, a unit, a single voice—that of the Blessed Virgin Mary." Let us then first recall the scenes of which she is our witness, and sitting like St. Luke at her blessed feet hear what she treasured up in her heart, to recount when God so inspired her.

I. THE ANNUNCIATION.



LAKE AND TOWN OF TIBERIAS.

Between the Lake of Tiberias and the Mediterranean in the land of Palestine, rises the solitary mountain of Thabor, its conelike form terminated by a plateau, while its sides are shaded by scattered groves of oak and carob or turpentine. On its western slope in a sort of natural basin, amid a rocky, uncultivated tract, which a few nopal and fruit trees could not redeem from the general gloom of the valley, lay nineteen centuries ago the little hamlet of Nazareth. A solitary fountain on the east supplied the villagers with water, and towards it often bent her way a maiden of the tribe of Juda, of the royal house of David, but like many other branches of that princely house reduced to utter poverty. Nurtured like a chosen dove amid the hills and walls of Jerusalem, the holy city, in the temple of



HILLS AND WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

the Lord, where her royal ancestors had first raised a shrine to the true God, whence Joas had gone forth to redeem his people, she was now the virgin wife of Joseph, a poor carpenter, princely like herself in origin.

Unknown or despised by the world, this humble virgin had been even before her existence an object of Divine complacency. Chosen to be the mother of the long expected Messiah, she had by the merits of her destined son been freed from the sin of Adam and its eternal woe, even as the patriarchs had been by the rites of the law. But it was her singular privilege to have been perpetually exempted from the bondage of Satan, from which all others, holy as they might have been, were exempted only after birth. The day arrived when she was to become the mother of the Most High, when one of the persons of the Trinity was to be made flesh in her womb. Yes: under that circumscribed blue sky in the depths of that narrow, sombre valley, in the shade of that little hill, whose ancient rocks seem even now rent by its bounds of joy at the conception of the divine infant, or its shudders of anguish when he expired on Calvary; here is the spot, the sacred spot of the globe, which God had chosen from all eternity to send down on earth his truth, his justice and his love incarnate in an infant God.

Mary was to receive the reward of her correspondence to the graces which God had so lavishly poured out upon her, and which had in her heart borne fruit a hundred fold. The soul of man cannot conceive the ravishing beauty of that heart, which had ever "heard the word of God and kept it." Well may the poet exclaim :

"Ave Mari! blessed Maid!  
Lily of Eden's fragrant shade,  
Who can express the love  
That nurtured thee so pure and sweet,  
Making thy heart a shelter meet  
For Jesus, holy dove?"<sup>18</sup>

Mary was alone, tradition tells us, rapt in prayer, her household duties done. Her pure heart rose in ecstasy to God, when, as St. Luke from her own lips tells us, the radiant messenger of God appeared.



\* Keble.

By his bright entrance and his radiant vest,  
In all his pomp the seraph stands confessed;  
Above the maid his golden wing he spreads,  
And o'er the scene celestial odor sheds.\*

Gabriel, one of the seven who ever stand before the Lord, Gabriel who had so recently struck dumb the doubting Zachary, now enters humbly unto the poor cabin, home of humble toil, of simple hearts, of utter poverty. "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee," said the messenger of God, "Blessed art thou among women." Mary must have been startled by this apparition and unwonted address; no fear glossed her veins, as it did those of her kinsman Zachary; she was troubled in her humility at words so strange; her only dread was that of being deceived by one who came to pour into her ear words of flattery. The angel saw her trouble. "Fear not Mary," he continued, "for thou hast found grace with God. Lo! thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a son: and thou shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great and shall be called the son of the Most High, and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of David his father, and he shall reign in the house of Jacob forever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end." Whatever had been Mary's surprise at the humble reverence paid her by the angelic speaker at first, this new announcement overwhelmed her with confusion. She to be the mother of the Messiah! of the king of Israel! For a moment she forgot that the Messiah was to be virgin-born, and remembering only her own vowed virginity, and the impossibility of her being in the natural order the mother of the royal child, she exclaimed, "How shall this be done, because I know not man?" But the angel reminded her by more fully declaring the mystery. "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee: and therefore also the holy which shall be born of thee shall be called the son of God." To confirm his character as envoy of the Almighty he added, "And behold thy cousin Elizabeth, she also hath conceived a son in her old age; and this is the sixth month with her that is called barren; because no word shall be impossible with God." The annunciation had been made: the angel had fulfilled his mission, and the work of redemption depended on the will of Mary. Her consent was alone needed to enable the eternal word to become man. Full of gratitude and love to the Almighty, the Adonai of Israel, she exclaimed: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done to me according to thy word." **AND THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH.** Thabor still rears its sterile heights crowned by a ruin; Nazareth still nestles in its hollow side; the grot where the blessed Virgin immaculate received the Annunciation is now a subterranean chapel, in the extremity of which is a beautiful altar of white marble, before which eleven lamps are constantly burning, so many sentinels of the faith; while beneath the altar is the spot where the Immaculate Virgin knelt, and above, cut in stone, are those awful words, whose sublimity confounds our weak human reason,

*"Verbum caro hic factum est."*

Of the house in which Mary dwelt the foundations alone remain; the edifice itself is, as Catholics generally believe, that shown at Loretto.

Such is the site and such was the scene of the Incarnation of our Lord, the mystery of mysteries. Such was the scene which we commemorate when, at

\* Wallace.



morning, noon and night the Angelus, the angel's bell, sounds over hill and valley, and lake and woodland of Catholic lands, and in the cloistered nooks, the hopes of Catholicity among us. This touching memorial of the Incarnation has always impressed the scoffer and the unbeliever, and a very pagan, whose pages teem with immorality, can say :

“Ave Maria! blessed be the hour,  
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft  
Have felt that moment in its fullest power  
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,  
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,  
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,  
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,  
And yet the forest leaves seem stirred with prayer.”

We might now follow the holy Virgin Mother of the Word, as rising in haste she went into the hilly country of Judea, her cousin's mountain home; admire her cha-



THE HILLS OF JUDEA.

city and zeal; behold our Lord, unborn, sanctifying his precursor in his mother's womb; witness the wonders which accompanied the Baptist's birth: meditate on the love which grew in the spotless mother's heart while she bore her divine Son in her womb—but we cannot dwell on each incident. Let us hasten as pilgrims to the deserted stable of Bethlehem.

\* Byron.

# MARY LEE:

*Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.\**

BY PETER PINKIE.

*Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.*

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## CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

Now, Lanty Hanlon saw all this long ago, and regulated his intercourse with the family to suit the case precisely. He asked no questions, made no apologies, came and went just as he pleased, and yet as he often was heard to say himself, knew as little about Mr. Lee or his private affairs as the blackest stranger in the kingdom!

Young, active, and fond of recreation, Lanty always found Araheera Head a capital spot to indulge in his favorite pastime of gunning and fishing, and shortly after Mr. Lee's arrival found that gentleman quite as fond of the sport as himself. And thus an intimacy grew up between them all at once—an intimacy by the way which each felt it his interest to cultivate—Lanty for sake of the light keeper's influence with the neighboring gentry, in whose power he often unfortunately found himself, and the light keeper for the sake of Lanty's skill as a sportsman in his frequent excursions on Lough Swilly. Besides, Lanty kept a pair of black greyhounds, the best ever ran on four feet, and the terror of all the game keepers in the three baronies. These enabled him to supply his friend with "hare's ear" for his flies, and if the truth must be told, with haunches for his table too, occasionally, without troubling his conscience greatly about the infraction of the game laws. Then he was moreover an excellent shot with either rifle or birding piece, and could bag a brace of grouse or wild ducks on seaside or mountain as prettily as the best landlord's son in the parish—always remembering to reserve the wings for Mr. Lee's and Uncle Jerry's fly hooks. Sometimes too, the light keeper would find a white trout for breakfast of a morning or a salmon for dinner, without any distinct recollection of having caught them himself or bought them from any particular fish-hawker of the neighborhood. For reasons such as these and others quite unnecessary to mention, Lanty soon became a constant and welcome visitor at Araheera Head, and indeed finally grew to be so special a favorite with the light keeper that he could hardly prevail on himself to take his boat or his gun without Lanty at his elbow. He even offered him a salary larger than his limited means could well afford, to live with him altogether, but Lanty invariably refused, preferring a free foot on the hill side after his dogs, and a ramble

\* Copy right secured according to Law.

on the sea shore with his rifle, to all the inducements he could offer. These rambles, however, often brought him into trouble; but if they did, he always depended on Mr. Lee to get him out of it. On such occasions the honest light keeper would bluster and swear as stoutly as a Dutch burgomaster, never to speak another word in the villain's behalf, should it save him from the gallows, and often went even so far as to order the members of his family never to let the scoundrel inside his doors again, but somehow or other these resolutions never held out—all his indignation seemed to vanish in his sleep—and before the sun got up on the following morning, he was sure to despatch a note to Tom Petersham or some other gentleman of the neighborhood to beg their interest in the unfortunate fellow's behalf. Lanty in fact was never out of scrapes for a week together since Mr. Lee first saw him. He had either fallen foul of a bailiff, or beat a policeman, or cudgelled a game keeper, or speared a salmon by torchlight, or stole a game cock, or—something was always sure to be wrong, whenever he was absent three days at a time from Araheera Light House.

Intimate, however, as Lanty was with the family, he knew nothing of their history save what he picked up from an odd word dropped now and then between Mary Lee and the light keeper, or between himself and old Roger O'Shaughnessy, when they went up the tower of an evening to chat and trim the lamps together. What he learned from the latter however was never very satisfactory, for Roger considered himself too respectable and important a personage to hold much confidential intercourse with a light-headed scatterbrain like Lanty Hanlon. But whilst Roger said little of the family connexions directly, he indulged frequently in little sneers at the pretensions of the Donegal aristocracy, wondered where in the world they found the arms on their carriage panels, and if they did not one and all inherit their gentle blood from 'Shemus Sallagh' or Oliver Cromwell. This contemptuous way of speaking about his neighbors was plain enough, and Lanty understood it. The nobler families of the south was a subject on which Roger loved very much to descant in a sort of soliloquial tone, when he sat down of a summer's evening in the lantern to burnish up the reflectors with Lanty at his side. Many a long sigh would he draw talking over the olden times, when real lords and ladies used to throng the halls of a certain castle in the south (surrounded by their servants in splendid liveries) to drink the choicest wines or dance to the music of the old family harp; and if his companion ventured to inquire the name of the castle or of its owner, little information would he get from Roger O'Shaughnessy. Still studiously averse as Roger was to the revelation of family secrets, he could not hide from his quick-witted companion the conclusion warranted by his frequent though indirect allusions. Besides, Roger always wore a curious old fashioned coat when serving dinner, which contributed more perhaps than any thing else to enlighten Lanty as to the antecedents of the family. This coat was once a bottle green of fine texture, as might be seen by those shady little corners here and there where the sun had not been able to peep into, nor the wear and tear of half a century entirely to deface. With a few redeeming spots like these however excepted, the rest of the garment was faded, threadbare, and polished as the cuff of a sailor's jacket. The high stiff collar, the buff facings, and the long tails would have plainly shewed it had once been livery, even if the two lonely gilt buttons on the high waist behind bearing the family crest had been lost and gone with the rest of the brotherhood. Every day before the little bell rang for dinner, did Roger divest himself of his working dress, brush over the few white hairs that still remained to cover his polished scalp, and then put on his bottle green livery

with as much care and tenderness as if it had been wove of spider's webb. Poor Roger, many a scold he got from Mr. Lee for keeping up his ridiculous old notions, and many a laugh had Mr. Petersham at his profound salutations, when he came to visit the family—but laugh or scold, it was the same to Roger—on he went practicing the same old habits despite every remonstrance.

This obscurity in which the history of the Lees was involved, coupled with the mysterious conduct of the stranger, led Lanty Hanlon to suspect some deep plotting between him and Else Curley. As for the latter he had little fear she would take part in any thing directly tending to bring misfortune on the light keeper or his family, but still she might meddle so far with the danger as to bring them into trouble without actually intending it—and all for the sake of gold, to obtain which he well knew the miserly old creature was prepared to run any risk, even that of her salvation. “Hooh!” he muttered, “for that matther, she’d go to the de’il’s door and singe her oulde beard at the key hole into the bargain to earn a sixpence; and as for you, *my augeuagh*,” he continued, gazing after the retreating figure of the stranger, “ye’ve the cut of a schamer about ye any way. Be all that’s bad I niver saw ye with a fishin rod in yer hand, but ye put me in mind iv one i thim big long nosed cranes down there standing up to their knees in the wather, watchin round for the little innocent shiners to make a pounce on them. F’eth maybe its some sworn inimy i the family ye are keepin their thrail all the time since they left the south, or maybe its a sheriff’s officer ye’d be in purshuit of an ould debt or by jaminy king who knows but yer some discordant shuithor sneakin aftther Mary Lee. If yer that, I’d advize ye to lave the country or buy yer coffin. But what-somever ye are, yer a chate any way, that’s sartin, and so, may sweet bad luck attend ye *achushla*, and that’s my prayer for ye night and mornin, sleepin and wakin,” and Lanty shook his hand at the stranger as he disappeared over the brow of the hill, “and since ould Else has tuck ye in tow,” he concluded, spitting on his stick and again heading for the mountains, “I’ll just stand by an look on, but one thing I’ll be bould to tell ye both, cute and all as ye are, that by the powers o’ pewther ye’ll have to rise early and thravel fast if ye hope to get the blind side iv one Lanty Hanlon.”

Leaving Lanty to pursue his journey across Benraven we return to the stranger. After examining for some time the structure of the narrow iron bridge over the chasm called the devil’s golsh, he raised the latch of the gate and finding it unlocked pushed it open. The light keeper’s lodge facing him directly as he entered, was a long low cottage fronting full on the sea. The light tower rose up close by its side, with its great round lantern on top to the height of a hundred and fifty feet from the rock, as smooth and white as marble. The doors, walls and window sashes of the lodge were also white and as clean as human hands could make them, even the black stone steps by which he ascended to the hall door shone bright and spotless as polished ebony. The place, however, notwithstanding the care and trouble it cost, looked still and deserted. For full ten minutes the stranger stood in front of the house gazing round him, and yet no one came to bid him welcome. A little white bantam on the grass plot before the door scraping up the green sward and calling his family round him, was the only sign of life to be seen. In such a remote spot he naturally hoped the presence of a stranger in his garb would draw some one from the house, but he was mistaken. At length, tired of waiting, he advanced to the door and knocked, still there was no answer; he knocked again, and yet no one came. Then turning the handle and opening the door, he stepped over the threshold and found himself all at once in a long

passage or entrance hall. On either side of this hall hung several spears and fowling pieces, here and there fishing rods resting in brass sockets against the wall, and suspended from the ceiling half a dozen or more reels of Jack lines with hooks and leads attached, ready for use. It was evident from their superior quality, and the excellent condition in which they were kept, these articles were used more for amusement than profit. Beyond, however, and near the opposite extremity of the passage hung two light oars of beautiful finish, and close beside them a small sail of Russia duck with its little sheet coiled carefully round it, and if one might judge from its appearance, but recently used. The stranger seemed to notice this last mentioned article with special interest, and the cold smile that overspread his long face as he looked at it, plainly showed he knew well by whose delicate fingers it was handled last. Proceeding along the hall like a connoisseur in a picture gallery, he came at last to an open door opening into a spacious parlor, and entering without further ceremony sat down on the first chair he met, and carelessly throwing up his feet on the seat of another, began to gaze about him like a man quite resolved to await the coming of some one should he wait till morning.

About this apartment, in which the stranger now found himself seated all alone, there was a general air of comfort and taste, which at once suggested the idea of a lady mistress far above what he might expect to find at a light keeper's lodge, and especially at so remote a point as Araheera Head. Nevertheless, though the room looked comfortable and every thing arranged in excellent taste, there was still nothing in it either new or fashionable. Massive picture frames with grim looking faces in the background hung here and there round the apartment, but their rich gilding was gone, and their edges stripped and black, made sad contrast with the newly painted walls. The harpsichord in the corner had lost its silver handles by which in olden times it was so often drawn out into the merry circle, and the ancient clock opposite, now silent as a tombstone, glared over at its once light hearted companion with a melancholy expression of countenance. They had doubtless been friends together for many a year, and in their early days had oft conversed pleasantly from opposite corners—each after his own fashion. But age, alas! had now left his mark on both. The clock's open good natured face was bleared and wrinkled, so much so indeed that its early associates could scarcely have recognized it; and the harpsichord's once burnished case had lost all its polish, and its edges were stripped and lean like the elbows of an old coat. Still though both were broken down and somewhat shabby, they were clean and decent, like old gentlemen who had seen better days. And there too, near the fireplace, sat the high-backed sofa with its heavily carved feet and double rows of brass nails along the edges. But conspicuous above all appeared the old family Bible lying in state upon the centre table under its vellum cover and iron clasps. Every thing in the room spoke eloquently of the past, for every thing looked ancient and venerable, even to the bird cage over the window where the grey linnet sat dozing with his head under his wing.

That apartment, dear reader, was an epitome of the history of Ireland, and might have furnished materials for a finer allegorical picture than ever Claude Lorraine drew—her heroes without a name or monument save those poor rotting shreds of canvass,—the fire of her music dying out day by day, nay—alas that we should say it,—almost as cold and dead as the blackened embers on her desolate shrines—her once brave and stalwart sons now wrapping their emaciated limbs in their tattered garments and resigning themselves without a struggle, to

serfdom and the grave. Had the author of the "*Giaour*," who could see even in the fair but lifeless form of woman the picture of "Greece, but living Greece no more," had he lived to sit there and gaze around him, how much more sublime the inspiration he had drawn from the sad and crumbling relics. Yes, the nation was still living, but all her glories, save the glory of her faith, had departed.

But the stranger's heart was not one of that mould. On the contrary, he scanned every article of furniture in the room, with a cold, prying curiosity, that accorded ill with the fashionable sporting dress he wore, and having at last completed his survey, drew his chair to the centre table, and opened the sacred volume.

Had he been a lover of old books, he might have paused to examine the title page before he proceeded further, and the curiously illuminated letters it exhibited, but especially an ancient and copious note in the margin purporting to show that the book was printed at Madrid in the year 1467, by a native of Mentz, at royal request—a fact which might have greatly surprised those French and German litterateurs who claim for Louis XIV and Frederic II the honor of having been the only patrons of the art before that period. But the gentleman was either not of that class, or he was ignorant of the Latin tongue in which it was printed, for he ran his eye hastily over the page, without seeming to notice either date or language.

Without pausing a moment he turned over leaf after leaf, glancing merely at the top and bottom of the pages, and evidently in search of something he understood was to be found there. He spent some five or six minutes in this search, and at last having discovered what he sought, drew from his breast pocket a small book of tablets, copied what items he thought necessary, and then hastily closing the Bible (stealthily watching the doors of the apartment all the while) clasped it as before.

It happened in replacing the book he dropped something on the floor, and instantly picking it up, found it to be a silver beaded rosary with a gold crucifix attached and of exquisite workmanship. The image was of the purest gold, the nails in the hands and feet were diamonds of great brilliancy, and the cross on which the figure hung, ivory inlaid with some precious metal and bordered with small but costly pearls. It was evidently the relic of some pious ancestor two or three centuries back, for the beads were much worn, and the edges of the cross had lost their original sharpness and grown round and smooth from the wear and tear of years. It was curious to see how the stranger smiled as he held up the sacred trinket between his finger and thumb. A child could have read in his countenance how little he respected either the image or the reality—the cross or the crucified. Whilst engaged, however, in this contemptuous inspection of the venerable and precious relic,—the sneer on his face growing deeper as he gazed,—he was startled by a shadow suddenly darkening the window, and turning to see what it was, beheld the same countenance which smiled on him from the stern of the little boat an hour before, peeping through the glass. The face was so close to the window that the stranger might have seen from its flushed appearance, he had been mistaken for some familiar friend whose visit had been expected. The side light troubled her so much at first that she could see nothing distinctly in the room, and raising both hands to shade it off, happened to throw back the broad brimmed hat she wore, and thus revealed in full view to the stranger, now advanced within arms' length of the window, a countenance of extraordinary beauty. But there was little leisure left him to gaze upon it—for in another second the laughing girl had discovered her mistake, and startled by the close proximity of a face so utterly unknown to her, and trembling with shame and confusion at her apparent levity,



she bounded back as if a spectre had confronted her, and flew away from the window like an affrighted bird.

The stranger called to her to stop and listen to his apology; he knocked on the glass, and even attempted to raise the sash and follow her, but all was in vain—away she ran over the green lawn, her dark tresses streaming back on the gentle breeze, and disappeared over the edge of the precipice. For an instant the disappointed sportsman stood spell-bound, hardly able to tell whether the form was a vision or a reality. And no wonder.—Her figure so light and airy, her extreme grace of motion even in the confusion and hurry of her flight, and the exquisite beauty of her modest face, might well indeed have raised such an illusion in minds far more philosophic than the stranger's.

And now again all was still as before, not a sound was to be heard but the sullen break of the sluggish wave against the rocks, or the occasional call of the little proud bantam still scraping on the green.

The sun had sunk by this time within an hour of his setting and crowned the far off summit of Benraven with golden light. The sky was cloudless and the air as balmy as the zephyrs that play round the base of the Himmalayas and fan the banks of the ancient Hydaspes. Stealing out from under the shadows of the island appeared the white sails of the coasting vessels, with scarce wind enough to give them motion,—so calm had it grown for the last hour; and away beyond them in the west rose the dark form of the Horn, round whose top the wings of countless sea birds might be seen wheeling and glinting in the rays of the setting sun. The scene was as grand and picturesque as one might care to look upon, and yet it seemed to awaken but little interest in the stranger. Indeed the sullen look of disappointment on his face as he gazed through the window on the world without, showed but slight relish for the poetry of nature. At last turning away abruptly from the casement when he saw there was no likelihood of the young lady returning, he retraced his steps to the hall door, and was just about to follow the visionary form to the edge of the rock, when to his great relief he heard the sharp crack of a rifle within twenty paces of where he stood. Looking in the direction of the sound, he saw smoke curling slowly up from the sea, then a water spaniel sprang on the bank and began to shake the brine from his dripping sides, and finally a man in a pee jacket with his pantaloons rolled up over the tops of his boots and a gun in his hand suddenly made his appearance. He was apparently about fifty years of age, stout and hearty looking, and carried in his face as he approached the stranger a look of welcome which it was impossible for a moment to mistake.

"Good evening, sir," said he, touching his hat to his visitor, hardly able to utter the words, so exhausted was he in climbing up the rock.

The stranger slowly introduced his arms under his coat tails and made a grave and respectful inclination of his head.

"Sorry you found no one in the house to bid you welcome," said the stout gentleman, wiping the perspiration from his face.

"Rayther think the apology should come the other way," replied the stranger, drawling out his words.

"Oh! don't mind that, sir, don't mind," ejaculated the other, "when you found nobody in the house, you did perfectly right to make yourself as much at home as possible."

"Mr. Lee, I presume—the gentleman here in charge?"

"The same, sir, and quite at your service—that is, as soon as I can manage to

catch breath again. Heigho! By George I hav'n't gone through as much these ten years before. That confounded Hollanhawk has the nine lives of a cat—and—and I verily believe a few to spare besides. Pheugh! heugh!"

"Been gunning, I perceive."

"Yes; fired fourteen balls—nine of them clean into his body, and there he is, yet, sound as ever."

"Well, now, that's rayther uncommon, aint it?" said the stranger, without moving an inch from his position, "should think one was enough."

"The bird 's not natural, sir," replied Mr. Lee, "that's the best explanation I can give it."

"Just so," said the stranger, nodding a stinted assent, "not natural."

"Besides," added Mr. Lee, "though he looks large in the water, the fellow is really as light as a feather. I believe in my soul, sir, you can no more pierce that bird with a ball than you can a piece of floating corkwood."

"Can't, eh?"

"No, sir, it's impossible. I'm living here eighteen months, or thereabouts, and during that time I can safely say I wasted more powder on him than would blow up the tower."

"Well, look here, why not snare him?"

"Snare him!"

"Why, yes, trap him by night, since you can't shoot him by day."

"Oh, tut, tut! no sir, the bird's game. Moreover, you might as well try to snare a fox in a market place."

"Well, take him flying and *meet* him with the ball," said the stranger, now thrusting his hands deep into his breeches pockets, and hitching up his cap behind with the collar of his coat; "seen swallows killed that way."

"What, swallows with a ball?"

"Yes, sir, boys can do it in the section of the country where I was raised."

The light keeper turned a sharp, searching eye on the stranger, and scanned him from head to foot without saying a syllable in reply. The last word sounded odd to his ear. In fact it suggested a sort of vegetable idea, and the figure of the man who uttered it helped to give that idea, ridiculous as it was, something of a specific form. The truth was, his tall lithe figure, freckled face, and long, straight, sandy hair, made up a parsnip or rather carrotty kind of personality that tickled the light keeper's fancy very much and made him laugh.

"Well," said the stranger, mistaking the laugh, "it requires considerable experience, I allow, but still our boys can do it, and as to that creetur there, I guess I can hit him flying myself."

"Flying! ha! ha! My dear sir the bird never flies."

"He's got wings, ha'n't he?"

"Can't certify as to that," responded the light keeper, "never saw any at least—and what's still more remarkable, he never quits this shore."

"Why, you don't mean that there particular bird, do you?"

"That identical bird, sir," responded the light keeper, pointing with his finger.

"He's got a mate, I reckon, and goes off once in a while, don't he?"

"No, sir, he has no mate—never had any," interrupted the light keeper.

"Excuse me," said the stranger, attempting a smile, "I'm not long in this section of the world, I allow, but I guess I've been raised too near one Phineas Barnum, you might hear of, to believe such a story as that," and the speaker thrust his hands down lower still into his pockets, and looked knowingly at the light keeper.

"I know nothing of Phineas Barnum," responded Mr. Lee, grounding his rifle and resting on the muzzle, "but I repeat to you, nevertheless, that the bird you see floating on the water there before your eyes, has never been out of this bay for the last eighteen months, and during that time was never seen in any other creature's company, man, bird or beast."

"Shoh, you don't say so—summer or winter? Why, I rayther think that's impossible, aint it?"

"Summer and winter are all the same to him," replied the light keeper. "I have seen him in January when the storm threatened to blow the lantern off the tower, and the sea to wash this little island and all it contains into the deep. I have seen him at such times sitting as calm and composed on the swells of the sea as a Turk on an Ottoman smoking his pipe. He's the sauciest villain that ever swam, sir—look at him now beyond the boat there—see how the rascal comes sailing up to us like a swan, with his arched neck and look of proud defiance."

"Is the piece loaded?" inquired the stranger, in a quiet, modest tone of voice.

"No, sir; load to suit yourself; there's the gun, and here's the powder and ball. By George, if you kill him, I'll say you are the best marksman in Donegal."

"My name is Weeks," said the stranger, slowly drawing the ramrod, "Mr. Ephraim Weeks."

"Weeks," repeated the light keeper, "rather a scarce name in this part of the world."

"Well, yes; I guess so—Ephraim C. B. Weeks," he added; "Mr. Robert Hardwinkle of Crohan's my uncle, sir. You're acquainted less or more with the family, I presume?"

"Have heard of them, sir,—and quite a respectable family they are, by all accounts."

"Well, yes; pretty much so, I reckon, for this part of the country—should be happy to see you at Crohan, Mr. Lee, whenever you've a leisure hour to spend. My cousins often wonder you ha'n't called and brought Miss Lee with you of an evening."

"Your cousins are said to be very pious and of high literary acquirements," observed Mr. Lee, not appearing to value overmuch the invitation so unexpectedly and patronizingly tendered, "and I fear quite out of Miss Lee's sphere and mine. We are plain people here, sir, unambitious of further intercourse with the world, than what chance sends in our way. Are you ready, sir?"

"All ready; and now have the goodness to remain just where you stand and look straight in the bird's eye, whilst I take aim." So saying, Weeks knelt down, and resting the muzzle of the rifle on a projecting rock, waited in that position for nearly five minutes, giving the bird time, as he said, to forget there was a second party in the play. "Now, then," he cried, at last, "hold your hand up, to attract his attention," and as Mr. Lee complied he took deliberate aim and fired.

"Capital shot!" exclaimed the light keeper. "Capital shot, by George,—not the first time you handled a rifle, I suspect."

"We-ell no—not exactly the first," drawled out Mr. Weeks, with a modest complacency that well became his grave, sallow countenance, "I've handled the article more than once, I guess."

Both now looked anxiously round, where the bird might be likely to rise, but no bird came up to dot the smooth surface of the water.

"Down rather longer than usual," said the light keeper, at length breaking silence, "and that's a sure sign you haven't touched a feather of him."

"Guess you're mistaken," responded Weeks, "he's floating out there somewhere as dead as a door nail. Ah! by cracky! there he is, lying flat on the water: see!"—and he pointed with one hand while he shaded his eyes with the other—"see, there he is!"

"Where? Ah, yes! by George! and there he is; well, now, who could have thought it!" exclaimed the light keeper, seemingly much delighted with the discovery.

The object, however, to which the stranger pointed happened to be a little whitish colored buoy, a few fathoms beyond a boat, that lay anchored within gun-shot of the island. As it rose and fell on the light swells of the sea, it looked by no means unlike a dead bird floating on its back. Mr. Lee saw the mistake in an instant and resolved to humor it.

"Dead as a herring!" he exclaimed, taking off his hat and rubbing up his gray hair in an ecstasy of delight. "Ha, ha, the villain, he's caught at last."

"He'll never trouble you again, I'll bet," continued Weeks, coolly handing over the rifle. Then laying his hand quietly on Mr. Lee's shoulder he added, "I make you a present of the bird, my friend, for I really think you deserve it richly, after such an almighty waste of powder."

The light keeper gravely bowed his thanks.

"Well, there's one condition I would make, Mr. Lee, and I kinder think you'll not object to it, namely, that you stuff the creetur, and hang it up here in the passage among the fishing rods and jack-lines."

"Certainly, Mr. Weeks, most certainly, sir, your wishes must be gratified."

"And look here; you'll have the goodness to use this for a label," and he drew a card from a richly chased silver case he carried in his breast pocket and handed it to the light keeper; "affix this, if you please, to the upper mandible, that your visitors may know who shot the bird—not that I care to make a personal boast about it—for did you know me well, you would say if ever there *was* a man who despised boasting, that man is Ephraim C. B. Weeks. But I've a notion, somehow, that it would be just as well for the old European countries here to know what sorter people we are in the new world beyond, and I consequently think it's the duty of every freeborn American, wherever he goes, to enlighten mankind as to the character, enterprise, social advancement and universal intelligence of his countrymen. Yes, sir, it's a duty our people owe to oppressed and suffering humanity to make their habits, manners, customs, laws, government and policies known throughout the universal creation. If it be our duty as a nation to redeem the world from ignorance and slavery, as it is, beyond all question, then I say it's the special duty of each and every citizen of that nation to contribute his portion to the advancement and final completion of the great work. We must be known, sir, in order to be imitated."

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PASTORAL LETTER OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE.



FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,  
BY THE GRACE OF GOD, AND FAVOR OF THE APOSTOLIC SEE, ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE:

*To the Clergy and Faithful of the Diocese of Baltimore,*

*Grace and Peace in our Lord Jesus Christ.*

It is our happiness, venerable brethren of the Clergy, and beloved brethren of the Laity, to have it in our power to communicate to you officially the solemn definition of our Holy Father, Pius IX, made from the chair of St. Peter, on the Feast of the Conception of the ever blessed Virgin Mary. Having received the answers of the bishops throughout the world to his encyclical letters of the 2d February, 1849, written from Gaeta, the place of his exile, he determined to yield to their solicitations, by proclaiming as a doctrine of the Catholic Church, that which was generally held and venerated, although heretofore not solemnly defined. The bishops who assembled on his invitation, to give greater solemnity to this act, unanimously urged him to pronounce the definition. The tradition which has always existed in the Church on this point, had suffered some obscurity in the twelfth and following centuries, in consequence of difficulties which perplexed the minds of some holy and learned men, to reconcile the testimonies of Scripture in regard to the natural descendants of our first parents, with the privilege claimed for the holy Virgin, as also to maintain the title of Christ as Saviour of all men, without questioning her exemption from original sin. The Church having regard to the sentiments of submission to her authority, which they sincerely professed, allowed their objections to be canvassed and discussed, that the truth might be placed in full light, whilst in the meantime she never ceased to give favor and sanction to the public veneration of the mystery itself, so that the festival in its honor, which at that period was celebrated in various local churches of Spain, France, England and other countries, was, at the close of the fifteenth century, adopted by the Roman Church, the See of Peter, and extended subsequently to the whole Church. The eastern Churches, in the seventh century, are known to have celebrated the conception of St. Anne, by which title they designated the same object as that which we venerate. The Apostolic tradition may be traced in the earlier ages through the oriental liturgies, which abound in high eulogies of the Virgin, styling her "most pure, most holy, altogether stainless, of more honor than the cherubim, and incomparably more glorious than the seraphim." If we be not able to trace the celebration of this festival to the earliest ages, it is no matter of surprise, since the assaults made by human pride on the great mysteries of the Divinity of Christ, and His Incarnation, necessarily directed the zeal of the Church to their maintenance and defence, leaving to times more advanced to manifest more fully the veneration of His Virgin Mother. When, in the fifth century Nestorius attempted to divide and distinguish the man Christ Jesus from the Eternal Word, who is God as the Father, it became necessary to defend the title of Mary, Mother of God, in order to explode the deadly error. As the faith triumphed, and men bowed in homage to the God-man, the Redeemer of mankind, it was natural that they should more maturely weigh and more distinctly honor the privileges of His Mother. That which from the beginning was acknowledged and proclaimed in general terms—her spotless purity and more than angelic perfection—was specifically venerated; and festivals in honor of her birth and of her conception were found worthy of approval by the ruler of the universal Church. "We must not doubt, dearly beloved," we use the words of St. Leo the Great, "that every Christian observance is intended to convey divine instruction, and that whatever usage is received by the Church in her worship, proceeds from apostolical tradition, and from the teaching of the Holy Spirit,

who now also presides over the hearts of the faithful by His institutions, that all may guard them with docility, and wisely understand them.”\*

In regard to the objections formerly made against the doctrine now defined, we will observe that the exemption of the Blessed Virgin Mary from the stain of original sin, being by special privilege, in consequence of the high dignity for which she was chosen, is nowise inconsistent with the general subjection of the human race to that stain, as the Fathers of the Council of Trent intimated, by declaring that in the decrees concerning the communication of original sin to all the posterity of Adam, it was not their intention to include the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin. She also was redeemed by Jesus Christ, yet in a manner more complete than all others, since it was in regard of his merits, which were present to the Divine mind, that she was preserved from contracting sin. The observation of St. Augustine in reference to the controversy concerning the validity of baptism administered by heretics, is strictly applicable to this discussion. “The arguments on both sides of the dispute, as also the Scripture testimonies having been carefully examined, it may be said: What truth has declared, this we follow.”† Again, “In this matter also, is the truth of the canonical Scriptures held by us, since we do that which has now obtained the sanction of the universal Church, which the authority of the Scriptures themselves commends; so that as holy Scripture cannot deceive, whoever fears to mistake in regard to this obscure question,” (he spoke of it as it was in the early period of the controversy,) “should consult on it the Church herself, which holy Scripture most unequivocally points out.”‡ We may safely rely on the general usage of the Church, and still more on her solemn judgment, since it is impossible that she can introduce into her worship any element of superstition, or sanction by her teaching any error contrary to that truth which she is divinely commissioned to proclaim. The opposition of St. Cyprian to the general usage of admitting to the communion of the Church, persons baptized by sectarians, was powerless against the authority of St. Stephen, who then filled the chair of St. Peter, and who forbade any change to be made in the ancient practice. If for a time it occasioned some difficulty, on account of his high personal merit and undoubted zeal, it could not be regarded, from the moment that the general belief was fully ascertained. So, brethren, the hesitation of some holy men in reference to the point recently defined, easily admits of excuse: but now all doubt is at end, and faith yields her homage to God, whose revelation is declared and attested by His Church, the pillar and the ground of truth. “We ourselves,” we borrow again the language of St. Augustine, “should not dare make such an assertion, were we not supported by the concordant authority of the whole Church, to which they also would doubtless have yielded, had the truth of this question been cleared up and declared in their time, and confirmed by a General Council.”§

Although no General Council has been held for the decision of this doctrine, the declaration of the Council of Trent, that it meant not to include the Immaculate Virgin in its decrees concerning original sin, was a solemn expression of the conviction of the fathers, fully two-thirds of whom are known to have been disposed to define it. Some provincial councils, as that of Rheims, in 1849, had urged the Pontiff to pronounce the definition; which above a century ago the Spanish bishops had also demanded. The replies sent to the letters of his Holiness by nearly six hundred bishops, unanimously affirmed the doctrine, although a very small number, about four, were adverse to its definition, and others qualified their vote by considerations of expediency, whilst about five hundred and fifty strongly urged the decision. This very solemn expression of the sentiments and desires of the Catholic episcopate was supported by the unanimous action of the bishops assembled at Rome. Never was there witnessed so great unanimity in the decision of any doctrine. All opposition had ceased—the Virgin Mother was generally invoked in the public Litanies, as she had been saluted for ages by the piety of the Spanish nation: “Virgin conceived without stain of original sin.” In the

\* Sem. II de jejuniis Pentecost.

† Ib. l. i, contra Crescon. Donat. n. 39.

‡ T. IX. l. iv, de Bapt. contra Donat. n. 9.

§ De Bapt. l. ii, c. iv.



preface of the Mass her stainless conception was also proclaimed. Well then might the successor of St. Peter, for whose faith Christ prayed, that it may not fail, confirm with his high authority his brethren in a belief so fully received throughout the Church. In whatever way her voice is heard, whether by the chief Bishop, who is her natural organ, or by general councils, strengthened with his sanction, her children listen to it with docility, and give to God the homage of faith by captivating their understanding in obedience to Christ.

All doctrinal decisions are necessarily founded on divine revelation, for the assent of faith is due to that only which God has revealed. That revelation was fully made to the Apostles, who were taught by their Divine Master, and were promised the light of His Holy Spirit to teach them all truth. The Bishops, as successors of the Apostles, are heirs of the promises made to them, since Christ is to abide with them for ever, teaching all things as He originally delivered them. Yet they do not claim the right to impose any thing as of faith beyond that which was taught by the Apostles, and which has been handed down from their times. They do not found their decision on any new revelation subsequent to the Apostolic age; they lay claims to no inspiration, such as was granted to the sacred penmen; much less do they venture to form their judgment on human reasoning, or conjecture. Their rule and standard is divine tradition, by means of which the inspired books have come down to us, with their true interpretation, and those doctrines which are portions of that faith once delivered to the Saints. The general belief and uniform usage of the Church at the present time afford the strongest proof of such tradition, especially when a doctrine is attested, which being apparently in opposition to a defined dogma, could never have received countenance had it not come from the same source. The revelation then, of the exemption of the Blessed Virgin from all stain of original sin, is evident from the general persuasion of the Church manifested for ages in the celebration of the festival of her conception. The passages of Scripture which declare her full of grace and blessed amongst women, are consonant with this teaching; and the great prediction, which is called the first Gospel, that enmity should exist between the woman and the serpent, and between her seed and the seed of the serpent, and that the head of the serpent should be crushed, finds a splendid fulfilment in the mystery of the Incarnation, of which she was the immediate instrument. This sublime mystery requires us to remove from our idea of the Mother of Emmanuel, all that is unbecoming Her high dignity and intimate relation to Him. God, in revealing to us that in the fulness of time He sent into the world his Son made of a woman, warrants us in believing that she was made worthy to be His Mother, by every grace and privilege which His bounty might bestow. In acknowledging the gifts bestowed on Her, the Church only renders homage to the Incarnation, and gives a consistent view of all that is connected with it. Among the many instances of human blindness is the profession of faith in this mystery, without a due appreciation of the dignity of Her, who was made the living temple of the God made man, and whose assent to its accomplishment was a direct co-operation in the great work of man's redemption. St. Justin, St. Irenæus, St. Ephrem, and other early writers remark, that as Eve, by listening to the suggestions of the serpent, became the occasion of the fall of Adam, whose sin was the cause of the ruin of the whole human family, so Mary, by assenting to the message of the Angel, concurred in the incarnation of the Son of God, and to our redemption, which He effected by the effusion of His blood. "The one," says St. Ephrem, "was the cause of our death, so the other was of our life."<sup>1</sup> A high esteem and profound veneration of His holy Mother are necessarily produced by a lively faith in His incarnation. Whoever admires the Divine Wisdom which appears in His discourses, should exclaim with the pious woman of the Gospel: "Blessed is the womb that bore Thee, and the breasts which gave Thee suck." Whoever recognizes Him as the Saviour and Lord of men, should, with the inspired Elizabeth, greet Her as blessed, as blessed is the fruit of Her womb. Whoever has even a faint idea of

<sup>1</sup> Hymn 35 de Eccl. apud Asemanni l. i, Scriptorum Syrorum, p. 90.

the wonders of Divine goodness and love, which the Incarnation implies, must, with Mary herself, admire the great things which God hath wrought in Her, and join her in exulting praise: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth exult in God my Saviour. For He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid: for behold, from henceforth, all generations shall call me blessed. For He that is mighty hath done great things to me, and holy is His name."

As our Holy Father authorized the Bishops on their return to their respective flocks to impart to them His special blessing with a plenary indulgence, we purpose to give it in our Metropolitan Church on Passion Sunday, which this year occurs on the twenty-fifth of March, the day on which the Feast of the Annunciation is ordinarily celebrated. For the obtaining of it, it is necessary to receive the Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist, and to offer up prayers for the welfare of our chief Bishop and of the whole Church of Christ. Whilst efforts are made to excite prejudice against his authority, by misrepresenting it as hostile to good government and human rights, and to our national independence, we should pray that the minds of our fellow-citizens may be enlightened to recognize in the successor of Peter, a father and pastor. In his exile his first thoughts were turned to vindicate the honor of the Virgin Mother, and recently, amidst the din of war between the great powers of Europe, his attention has again been directed to the same object. Confident in the efficacy of her prayers, he has placed himself and the whole flock entrusted to his care, under Her guardianship and protection. We also, brethren, feel happy in sharing the confidence which he cherishes in her intercession. We know that every good and perfect gift comes from the Father of Lights: we acknowledge Jesus Christ, the God-man, as our only Mediator of redemption: but being mindful of the place which the Virgin occupies in the divine economy—Her intimate relation to Her Divine Son—Her agency in the mystery of the Incarnation—Her influence, which obtained a miracle at the wedding-feast of Cana—Her sorrows at the foot of the Cross, we feel confident that her prayers will obtain for us great favors and blessings, now especially, that Her stainless innocence and perfection are so solemnly proclaimed. Jesus Christ is indeed, in a far higher sense, our advocate with God the Father, always living to intercede for us. Mary is a suppliant at His throne, a child of Adam, naturally conceived, and but for his redemption, liable to the stain of original sin. She can effectually plead our cause with Him, and despite of our manifold sins, obtain for us the grace of conversion and the application of His atonement. All who earnestly seek Her intercession, may confidently hope for grace and salvation. Let us ask, at the same time, succour in our necessities, relief in our afflictions, light and mercy for those who hate and calumniate us. The sweetness of Her benign influence will appear in the mitigation of those social evils which now press upon us, the mild virtues which constitute her a model of all perfection, will be reflected in her devout clients, and attract those with whom they hold intercourse: error and prejudice, like the mists of morning, will pass away, and many will be drawn after Her towards the King of ages, to worship and love Him.

You well know, brethren, that this is the great end to which our devotion to the Blessed Virgin is directed. We worship God alone with supreme homage: we honor Her, because it has pleased Him to adorn Her with His gifts, and raise Her to a dignity surpassing that of the seraphs and cherubs that surround His throne. Far be it from us to transfer to any creature, however elevated, that worship which belongs exclusively to our Creator and Lord. Pure and stainless as we hold Her to be, we by no means recognize in her any perfection which is not derived from divine bounty, and is not the fruit of the merits of her Son, from whose fullness even she has received the abundant measure of grace. With St. Epiphanius, we say: "Let Mary be honored: let God be adored." In proportion as you advance in the exercise of this devotion, your hearts will be moved to a more tender sense of the mysteries of the Incarnation and Redemption; you will be drawn nearer to the cross, to contemplate with the sorrowing mother her agonizing Son. The fruits of it will appear in your increased horror for sin, in the purity of your morals, and in your love for Jesus Christ.

We urge you once more, beloved brethren, to the exercise of patience, forbearance, and charity towards all mankind. Accept with submission from Divine Providence all the trials and afflictions which may befall you, and be careful only to give no occasion of scandal or offence. "Be ye humbled under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in the time of visitation: casting all your solicitude upon Him, for He hath care of you."

Given under our hand, at Baltimore, this fifth day of March, in the year of our Lord MDCCCLV.

THOMAS FOLEY, Secretary.

† FRANCIS PATRICK,  
Archbishop of Baltimore.

## Review of Current Literature.

1. **THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF THE MOST BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, MOTHER OF GOD, A DOGMA OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.** By *J. D. Bryant, M. D.* Boston: Dohoe. 1855. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This able treatise, drawn from all that Europe has produced on this great dogma, presents the reader with all the doctrine on the point as supported by reason, the scriptures, the liturgies, the early Fathers, the Church in her saints, her religious orders, her universities, her festivals, her canonical decrees. In this series of proofs the author clearly and ably examines the question as to St. Bernard and St. Thomas Aquinas, and concludes by a most graphic and eloquent description of the solemn day at Rome, Dec. 8, 1854. It is most creditable to the Catholics of the United States, even as an answer to Protestant slanders, that so able a theological treatise should be written by a layman.

2. **FABIOLA; OR THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS.** London: Burns & Lambert. 1854.

This work generally, and we believe truly, ascribed to Cardinal Wiseman, is a most beautiful addition to our standard literature. Several magnificent efforts had been made to write classical novels, laying the scene in Rome or the Roman empire. Rutilius is indeed charming. The Epicurean, Christian in its tone, is marred to a Catholic by the exaltation of heresy: for poor Moore elevated Arianism over orthodoxy. *Fabiola* is as classic as it is pure: the author is as familiar with ancient Rome as Father Marchi; he paints the life of the citizens of Rome in the days of Diocletian with as much ease and grace as though he had mixed with them for years. As a tale he introduces SS. Sebastian, Agnes, Pancratius, their lives gave means to depict their characters; and this is done with the utmost skill: the dark day of persecution, the weak brother, the stealthy spy, the bloody tyrant, and blind, cruel monster, the mob, all live in the thrilling pages of this incomparable tale. *Fabiola*, the heroine, the haughty Roman lady, becomes, through the devotedness of her Christian slave, herself a Christian, and after witnessing the martyrdom of those whom she dearly loved, displayed in her own conduct the model of every Christian virtue.

3. **ANALYTICAL CLASS-BOOK OF BOTANY**, designed for Academies and private students, in two parts. Part I, Elements of Vegetable Structure and Physiology, by *Francis H. Green*. Part II, Systematic Botany, by *Joseph W. Congdon*. New York: Appleton & Co. 1855. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

It would be very hard for any but the perfect botanist to say what is wanting to this excellent class-book. The charming science which the talented authors undertake to communicate to the uninitiated lovers of nature, is presented in a manner that cannot, we think, fail of fulfilling their intentions. With some exceptions, which it is almost impossible to avoid in the present condition of the sciences, there are no words, which by their size and form can be an obstacle to even the most simple-minded student. Many might, indeed, wish that the Greek words had given place to others more intelligible to the common run of naturalists, but it is not an easy matter to say, how they could, since even many English phrases are often necessary to explain all the idea that the one Greek word conveys. The work we consider an excellent one for school purposes, in which not the least of its advantages will be found in the plates, which are explained by, and help to explain in turn, the text.

4. **CHEMICAL ATLAS, OR THE CHEMISTRY OF FAMILIAR OBJECTS**, exhibiting the general principles of the science in a series of beautifully colored diagrams, and accompanied by explanatory essays, by *Edward L. Youmans*. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

If we were asked by a young lover of science, what work we would recommend as an introduction to the interesting science of chemistry, we would most confidently name

the one that heads this notice. Among all the works on that part of natural science, which have of late years been published, we do not know of one that presents its principles so briefly and yet so clearly. It is also a happy idea to apply to chemistry the method of diagrams, which has succeeded so well in the cognate sciences, and it is a wonder that some of our great ones did not sooner think of it. So easy indeed has the study been rendered by this application, that even without a professor the student may become in a short time familiar enough with all the laws and principles of the science, to be able to explain them to others. We are not at all surprised that so many professors and principals of academies should have spoken so favorably of it, for were we a professor we would discard every other class-book on the subject, in order to adopt it without delay. If there be one thing, however, which should please us, as religious reviewers, more than all the rest, we could easily find it in the spirit that continually without any effort raises the author's mind "from nature up to nature's God." It is exceedingly gratifying to see this manifested by one who is certainly no ignoramus, and the contrast it offers to the conduct of so many of our scientific men, who of late years begin to ape the incredulity and philosophism of Europe, is an honor to Mr. Youmans, of which he may be prouder than even of his great chemical knowledge.

5. **PLANE AND SOLID GEOMETRY:** to which is added plane and spherical Trigonometry and Mensuration, with all the necessary Logarithmic and Trigonometric tables, by *Geo. R. Perkins, LL.D.* N. York: Appleton & Co. 1855. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

What we like in this work is the manner in which the definitions are explained. It would seem to us impossible for the young student not to comprehend them, after reading the lucid, yet simple manner in which they are proposed. Of the rest of the work we cannot say as much, for we have never seen in any of our modern mathematicians, that closeness of reasoning, nor that mutual connection of parts which we admired so much in old Euclid, when "et nos ergo manum ferulæ subduximus." The separation of the problems from their natural position among the theorems, always looks like a dislocation that needs the physician's care to reduce it. Dr. Perkins is a professor perhaps, and knows better.

6. **PAYSON AND DUNTON'S PENMANSHIP.** In 6 Parts. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This excellent system is comprised in six parts, or copy-books, commencing with the first rudiments of writing, and terminating in a complete and finished style of penmanship. The great advantage of the system will be found in the style of the writing, which is given in specimens at the head of each page of the book. These specimens, or copies for imitation, are far superior to any we are acquainted with, they are natural and bear a striking resemblance to the hand writing of an accomplished master. The system moreover, will save the teacher much time and labor, and will be found exceedingly useful to those who may desire to improve their style of writing without the aid of an instructor.

7. **ANNALS OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH:** published and sold for the benefit of the Institution. No. XCIV. January, 1855. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The perusal of these truly edifying annals, must, at all times afford to the Catholic a pleasing and grateful entertainment. Apart from the meritorious object for which they are published, they constitute in themselves a miscellany of useful and instructive reading. Few, perhaps, of our readers are aware of the extent of the Catholic Missions in pagan lands; few are acquainted with the labors, sufferings, trials and privations of the zealous missionary, who has sacrificed all things to the work of charity and love.

The present number contains most interesting details from various parts of China, and bears ample testimony of the progress of our holy faith in that benighted country. The single mission of West Tong-King, where so many holy missionaries have obtained the crown of martyrdom, contains over 140,000 Christians. Other missions are equally as prosperous. While as Catholics we rejoice at this gratifying intelligence, it is our duty to aid in the good work by purchasing and disseminating the *Annals*.

## Editors' Table.

BEHOLD us, reader, once more brought *vis-a-vis* for our cherished intercourse, now for the fair and fickle month of April, the type of youth, the season of sunshine and showers, and of the budding forth of mingled fruits of good and evil.

Thus goes the world, good here, and evil there, for ever, though your enthusiast thinks that with certain changes already designed in his ferti'e mind, but never yet put in successful practice, that good only shall flourish; while your scowling misanthrope finds nothing but evil in the present, past, or future. And then what? Why the world wags on as ever, and human life passes like the fleeting month; men rejoice to-day, and weep to-morrow, to rejoice and weep again, with the every varying tide of all mortal affairs. The enthusiast and the misanthrope err equally in their philosophy—neither the one nor the other will make the world better or worse than it is, or than it has been since the fall of our first parents.

At this present time, some of us have reason to be sorrowful, not because the Christian world is united in weeping over the passion and death of Our Lord and Redeemer, for we can see through the sombre veil of the passion time our own redemption, and the glorious resurrection and triumphant ascension of Him who appeased the wrath of His Father against us, and opened to us the gates of Heaven, but because we see the lowering clouds of religious persecution and civil discord gathering over our devoted heads, and threatening us with manifold evils because we adhere to the religion of our fathers. Be it so; for three score and ten years we American Catholics have been basking in the sunshine of political freedom; we have enjoyed the happiness of citizenship in a land which has proclaimed pre-eminently religious liberty to all men; in return for which we have loved our country devotedly, and served her ever faithfully.

The facts are patent, and a decent respect for truth cannot deny them; but some enemy hath sown tares among us; evil passions have been aroused among a people whose religious differences have hitherto in no respect weakened their unity in common national interests, in the bonds of friendship, or in the alliances of intermarriages or of kindred blood. Now it is hinted abroad that Catholics are dangerous to the state, that they are not good citizens, that they cannot be true republicans. But where are the proofs, where the witnesses? Honesty and truth can bring against us neither the one nor the other. Yet the cries continue; the Anti-Catholic pulpit rings with them; a venal press expands and multiplies them, and they are echoed at the hustings.

Perhaps this unworthy crusade is but a phase of modern progress, but it should be remembered that not all progress tends upward. We fear that this progress is full of the elements of destruction; our enemies cannot throw bombshells into a promiscuous crowd, which will destroy only the objects of their hate. To destroy the religious freedom of Catholics under our government, is nothing more nor less than to throw a bombshell in the midst of all our institutions. Religious liberty once wrested from any conscientious and peaceful denomination of Christians, or Hebrews we may add, in this land, then indeed we may bid 'a long farewell to all our greatness.' It has been above all things the principal element of our unexampled prosperity. Let it be once taken away, and there follows, not only direct evil and injustice, but precedent for religious persecution in all countries to the end of time. The rulers of old governments and the framers of new may say: 'the principle of equal liberty to all religions has been fairly tested, and has proved to be a failure. Therefore we will have none of it.'

We by no means wish it understood that we are predicting the evils we so earnestly deprecate. We speak of tendencies abundantly expressed in the signs of the times. We see bigots and fanatics getting into the high places of the land; we see Protestant clergymen leaving their pulpits to enter upon the sin-stained arena of politics; we see legislative bodies entering upon the work of disfranchising Catholics; we see secret societies led on by parsons, and depraved politicians, professing relentless hostility to Catholics, proscribing them, slandering them, using all means fair and foul, to make

them odious in the eyes of their fellow-citizens; we see members of these same secret societies perjury themselves, and violating the laws of the land in open courts, because of oaths they have taken in secret to these societies, which they thus erect above the laws of the state, and above the divine laws; we see the forcible disbanding of military companies composed principally of Catholics, of whose loyalty there can be no question, who would certainly fight until death for the land of their birth or adoption; whose brethren are always relied upon even by the British government in its direst necessities, although the said government has never done any thing for their weal or happiness, as ours has; we see men escape from punishment who have maliciously destroyed the property of Catholics—nay, as the climax of contempt of laws where Catholic rights are in question, we see convent burners, incendiaries, petitioning a Know-Nothing legislature to indemnify them for having had to undergo trial for their crime; in short, it is useless to attempt to go over all the recent exhibitions of the spirit that exists to make us hateful, and then, by the support of a factitious public opinion, to crush us. Our past fidelity, our present moderation, goes for nothing; some sort of imaginary possibility that we may not always be true to our country is the pretext to bring us to ruin:

"All this is madness," cries a sober sage,  
But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?"

It certainly is madness to break up the present fabric of our glorious institutions; it certainly will break it up, to destroy the religious liberty of any one denomination. Those sectarians who are ready and zealous now to rob Catholics of the most precious of civil rights, would soon find themselves, should their evil desires be gratified, in the situation of most of the early factions of the French revolution; it would soon be measured to them as they measured to us. Some of them are now tampering with the mob—we can only say to them, 'those who love the mob, shall perish by it!' The most discerning man of his age said during the first muttering thunders which ended in the French revolution, that if the Parisian mob was not repressed and social order maintained, "we shall see not only this capital, but every other city in France thrown into a state of indescribable anarchy, while the real friends of liberty, the enlightened patriots, now working for the best good of our country, will sink beneath a set of demagogues, who, with louder outcries for freedom on their tongues, will be in reality but a horde of savages, worse than the Neros of old."

We presume that our clerical and political opponents, or shall we call them persecutors, know how these words were verified; and what befell all classes, not only king and queen, and nobles, and priests, and nuns, but even mechanics, peasants, women, children, and all who had enemies to denounce them, whatever their professions, or practices. People were brought in crowds before the revolutionary tribunals, and we are told in general history, that accusation was read and sentence of death immediately pronounced, without even examination being had, to ascertain whether the subjects of the accusation were actually the persons before the court; but yet, "as this mode of exterminating the pretended enemies of the republic was too slow to satisfy the party in power, they shot and drowned the accused by hundreds."

Let us turn from this picture. There is good sense, virtue and honesty among our countrymen, and if they are misled for a time by unprincipled aspirants for power and place, we trust that 'sober second thought' will cause them to repel with scorn the counsels that are to give the death blow for ever to religious equality. Meanwhile, a transient (?) spirit of animosity against Catholicity will keep Catholics out of political offices of honor or profit as effectually as laws which would only disgrace the statute books; we do not repine at this, for it may be the means of keeping our co-religionists in the honest and laborious pursuits of every day life, and save them from the temptations and pollutions of politics.

In fine, come what may, let Catholics never fail in their duties to God and society; injured they may be, but crushed never; when the clouds are darkest over them let them remember the light above and beyond, which in the end will certainly triumph. And our word for this—the great agitation now in the Christian world, and the war against the Church will ultimately redound to her prosperity and to the salvation of many souls.



DICKINSON COLLEGE AND THE CIVILTA CATTOLICA.—Our classical friends of Dickinson College must be hard pushed for matter against their Catholic neighbors at home, when they go so far as Rome to find food for the fanatic propensities of the New York Evangelist. Truly charitable! they have finished the Augean work in America, and have no intention of narrowing down their philanthropic efforts to one corner. They know Italian too, and can read Jesuit riddles with a wonderful acumen. Some people can see so far into a mill-stone! Besides, was it not a glorious act to carry the war into Africa, to beard the lion in his den, and if they were destined to fail in their attempt, like another Phaeton, they are sure a whole river of lamentations would be poured over their remains, and some classic votary of the muses would write their epitaph: "quem si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ansis." Our friends, we expect, know a little Latin, and will pardon our quotation. The poor Roman Jesuits! how their ears must have tingled, as the old women readers of the N. Y. Evangelist gloated over the correspondence of Dickinson College! We imagine we hear them soliloquizing over the revelations of Dickinson erudition. What business had they to edit a magazine! How are the mighty fallen! The rulers of the world, the schemers, who make kings and cabinets succumb to their iron wills, the obscurants, the retrograde enemies of progress, the foes to liberty of thought, and the enlightenment of Europe and the world, descend to the petty occupation of writing a magazine! Preposterous!! Well—but it is true; so let us look at it. Pah! "temporal power of the Popes," the first place we open; "excommunication dissolves the tie of subjection and the oath of fidelity." Is not the doctrine of these Jesuits horrible? If they would only let us alone with our Madiaia and biblical organ-grinders, we would save them the trouble of so much ecclesiastical thunder and lightning. Who cares for excommunication in these days of light and progress? Didn't we send a parson into Hungary ready cocked and primed; but those tyrannical Austrians are better than crows for smelling powder, and he missed fire and had to go off by himself. What right had they to interfere in our concerns! These old popes and their grenadiers, the Jesuits, would do much better to say their prayers and leave the world to be governed by those who know how. But is it true they advocate the burning of heretics? Let us look again. Just as we thought, of course; what else could Jesuits do? So we read: "if the Church does not punish the heretics herself, but invokes the secular arm to do so, let the enemies of the Church remember, that this is voluntary moderation on her part." And the old women began to look with big eyes, as our French neighbors say, and turned round at every creak of the opening door, expecting to see some bloody-fisted Jesuit coming to bind them to a stake right off, without allowing even a moment's time to cry out for help. Meanwhile the poor Jesuits, who are "the outcasts of men, the opprobrium of the people," simple souls as they are, write ahead as if there was no mischief fermenting in those pages, over which they waste the midnight lamp and spend their energies. They are only thinking of Catholics, or those who call themselves Catholics, and are guilty of the unpardonable impertinence of telling those for whom they are writing that "it belongs to the Church alone to say how far the infraction of the civil laws is an infraction of the duties imposed by Catholicity, of which she claims to be the only competent judge." If they only tell their so called Catholic opponents to "reverence the Church and learn from her, what are the just limits of Christian meekness;" or if they call upon those opponents to declare, whether they are heretics, in order to know what just estimate should be put on their interpretation of the Gospel: visions of stakes and racks, of the gibbets and fires of Smithfield, and of all the other raw-head and bloody bones, with which Protestant literature has been adorned for the last 200 years, come dancing before the affrighted imagination of some Dickinson correspondent, and the readers of the N. Y. Evangelist must be edified by his courage, and enlightened by his learning, and guarded by his vigilance from the impending storm. It will not much matter, whether the visions be lying ones or not: the will is as good as the deed: and the advocates of the higher law will be grateful to the sleepless watcher in Sion, and perhaps some fat calling, from which he may select for his own special comfort and consolation a pretty lamb with a

golden fleece, will fall to his share in the distribution of favors. And this Dickinson wonder is not satisfied with taking care of his own methodical people, but in his generous solicitude would also gather under his wings the American Bishops. Verily the American Catholic must be covered with a debt of gratitude. Church and state! church and politics! what powerful and daring fellows these Jesuits are, to hurl at their Ecclesiastical Superiors their "paper bullets of the brain," and dare to cast censure on their proceedings. It was a bold attack surely, and can only be equalled by the Dickinson attack on the credulity of the readers of "the Evangelist," when reference in support of this calumny is given to a date on which no number of the *Civiltà* was issued, (August 6, 1854.) But "lie bravely, lie strongly," was one of the maxims of their standard-bearer, and our friend of collegiate ability seems nowise disposed to allow the maxim to be a dead letter. When next he writes, we hope he will think that others know Italian as well as himself, or at least can understand it enough to know, when another "bears false witness against his neighbor."

THE LEADER.—We acknowledge the receipt of the *Leader*. It comes to us in a neat and convenient form—its tone is calm and dignified, and such as we like to see in a Catholic journal. We heartily wish it an encouragement worthy of the cause to which it is devoted, and worthy of the talent of its learned editor.

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## Record of Events.

From February 20, to March 20, 1855.

### I.—FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—A solemn *Requiem* was performed in the Sistine chapel, Jan. 29th, for the late king of Saxony. Cardinal Altieri, cousin to the deceased king, officiated; the pontiff himself was present, and pronounced the absolution from the throne.—A monument is to be erected to the memory of *Tasso*, and Pope Pius IX. has placed his name at the head of a subscription for that purpose.—An Association of *Pilgrimage* to Jerusalem has been formed similar to that in Paris; those desirous to make the pilgrimage were to have sailed from Civita Vecchia on the first of March, and after spending thirty-six days in the Holy Land, to return to the place from which they started.—The obsequies for the *two queens* of Sardinia were performed in the church of the Holy Sudarium.—A very interesting marriage ceremony lately took place, which is thus noticed by the correspondent of the *Tablet*: "The parties were Richard Lamb, Esq., and Miss Georgiana Eaton, daughter of the authoress of 'Rome in the Nineteenth Century,' who was recently received into the Church. It appears, that by especial permission from his Holiness, the Pope, the ceremony took place at the Shrine of the Apostle, in the crypt of St. Peter's, and was performed by the Hon. and Very Rev. Monsignor Talbot. It is asserted that no other instance of a marriage in this privileged portion of the church is on record, nor do the archives of that basilica attest any previous registry of an English marriage there at all. It must, indeed, have been impressive; conducted by torchlight, at the foot of the Shrine of the Prince of the Apostles, surrounded by the tombs and memorials of past ages, the picture would vividly recall a similar rite of earliest Christianity in the Church of the Catacombs."—Among the English Catholics who bore tapers before his Holiness at St. Peter's on Candlemas day, were Lord Lovatt, Sir Jas. Fitzgerald, and Mr. Stourton. Sir James' sister took the veil at the convent of Sagro

Cuore the same evening.—An Association has been established among the pontifical troops of the garrison of Rome, for the religious and civil instruction of the soldiers. His Eminence, Cardinal Vannicelli, Archbishop of Ferrara, encouraged it by his presence, and gave lessons himself in reading and catechism to the private soldiers.

NAPLES.—Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was received in the Neapolitan dominions. We take the following from the *Catholic Standard*:

"We have already described the brilliant procession which traversed the streets of Naples to give glory to the Holy Virgin, the magnificence of which was enhanced by the presence of the king and the royal family, with his court, and all the high dignitaries of the State. This religious ceremony was followed by a solemn military fete. Ferdinand II placed his army under the patronage of Immaculate Mary at a review, which brought together 35,000 men. The king went to the Champs de Mars with his family in splendid carriages. The hereditary prince was named colonel on this occasion. He showed himself, as it were, for the first time to the people, this being his political debut. His gravity, the ease and self-possession with which he commanded his regiment was much admired."

SARDINIA.—This unhappy government still persists in its determination to destroy the religious institutions. The bill for the suppression of the convents and the sale of their estates and those of the Church, is still urged forward, to the infinite regret of the great body of the people, and to the grief especially of the bishops and the clergy, who have so strenuously petitioned against it. The Holy Father, overwhelmed with grief at the prospect of the affliction about to befall the Church in that kingdom, raised his paternal voice, and in an allocution delivered before the cardinals, entered a solemn protest against the measure. It is doubtful, however, whether his fatherly admonitions will have any effect on the infidel spirit which seems, of late, to direct the deliberations of the parliament of Turin.

SPAIN.—No particular change has taken place during the last month. The queen by a royal decree, restored to the rank of *Infanta* of Spain, Donna Josephine, the daughter of the Infant Don Francis de Paula, who married M. Guell y Rente. The *Tablet* of the 24th ult. thus speaks of the religious feeling of the people, notwithstanding the violence of those in power:

"Spain remains Catholic notwithstanding the efforts, violence, and sacrilege of revolution. There was on the 9th a magnificent ceremony in the church of the Incarnation at Madrid, in order to celebrate the triumph of the Immaculate Conception. The archbishop of Santiago officiated pontifically, and pronounced, with the remembrance of all that he had witnessed at Rome, a discourse which profoundly affected all present. On the 11th there was to be celebrated a solemnity in honor of the Blessed Virgin, which should surpass in magnificence every thing that had preceded it."

ENGLAND.—It is stated in the late foreign papers, that a coadjutor is about to be given to his Eminence, Cardinal Wiseman, and in connection with this statement, the name of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Errington, bishop of Plymouth, was mentioned as the person most likely to be selected by the Holy See for that exalted station. The health of the cardinal is assigned as the reason for the appointment of a coadjutor.

CONVERSIONS.—The Rev. Edmund S. Foulkes, one of the most distinguished members of the University of Oxford, was received into the Catholic Church, at Paris, on the Feast of the Purification. Mr. Delancy, formerly a member of the University of Cambridge, and an Anglican minister, who, a short time ago, entered the Ecole des Carmes, to study theology, recently received minor orders from the hands of Cardinal Wiseman.

The proceedings in parliament were rather of an exciting character. Mr. Roebuck's motion to appoint a committee to investigate the management of the war, gave rise to much animated discussion. Several members of the new cabinet resigned in consequence of the motion. A bill was introduced to repeal the stamp on newspapers and substitute in lieu thereof a newspaper postage of one penny per four ounces weight.—Great distress prevailed among the laboring classes, and many thousands were for

them odious in the eyes of their fellow-citizens; we see members of these same secret societies perjury themselves, and violating the laws of the land in open courts, because of oaths they have taken in secret to these societies, which they thus erect above the laws of the state, and above the divine laws; we see the forcible disbanding of military companies composed principally of Catholics, of whose loyalty there can be no question, who would certainly fight until death for the land of their birth or adoption; whose brethren are always relied upon even by the British government in its direst necessities, although the said government has never done any thing for their weal or happiness, as ours has; we see men escape from punishment who have maliciously destroyed the property of Catholics—nay, as the climax of contempt of laws where Catholic rights are in question, we see convent burners, incendiaries, petitioning a Know-Nothing legislature to indemnify them for having had to undergo trial for their crime; in short, it is useless to attempt to go over all the recent exhibitions of the spirit that exists to make us hateful, and then, by the support of a factitious public opinion, to crush us. Our past fidelity, our present moderation, goes for nothing; some sort of imaginary possibility that we may not always be true to our country is the pretext to bring us to ruin:

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Let us turn from this picture. There is good sense, virtue and honesty among our countrymen, and if they are misled for a time by unprincipled aspirants for power and place, we trust that 'sober second thought' will cause them to repel with scorn the counsels that are to give the death blow for ever to religious equality. Meanwhile, a transient (?) spirit of animosity against Catholicity will keep Catholics out of political offices of honor or profit as effectually as laws which would only disgrace the statute books; we do not repine at this, for it may be the means of keeping our co-religionists in the honest and laborious pursuits of every day life, and save them from the temptations and pollutions of politics.

In fine, come what may, let Catholics never fail in their duties to God and society; injured they may be, but crushed never; when the clouds are darkest over them let them remember the light above and beyond, which in the end will certainly triumph. And our word for this—the great agitation now in the Christian world, and the war against the Church will ultimately redound to her prosperity and to the salvation of many souls.

DICKINSON COLLEGE AND THE CIVILTA CATTOLICA.—Our classical friends of Dickinson College must be hard pushed for matter against their Catholic neighbors at home, when they go so far as Rome to find food for the fanatic propensities of the New York Evangelist. Truly charitable! they have finished the Augean work in America, and have no intention of narrowing down their philanthropic efforts to one corner. They know Italian too, and can read Jesuit riddles with a wonderful acumen. Some people can see so far into a mill-stone! Besides, was it not a glorious act to carry the war into Africa, to beard the lion in his den, and if they were destined to fail in their attempt, like another Phaeton, they are sure a whole river of lamentations would be poured over their remains, and some classic votary of the muses would write their epitaph: "*quem si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ansis.*" Our friends, we expect, know a little Latin, and will pardon our quotation. The poor Roman Jesuits! how their ears must have tingled, as the old women readers of the N. Y. Evangelist gloated over the correspondence of Dickinson College! We imagine we hear them soliloquizing over the revelations of Dickinson erudition. What business had they to edit a magazine! How are the mighty fallen! The rulers of the world, the schemers, who make kings and cabinets succumb to their iron wills, the obscurants, the retrograde enemies of progress, the foes to liberty of thought, and the enlightenment of Europe and the world, descend to the petty occupation of writing a magazine! Preposterous!! Well—but it is true; so let us look at it. Pah! "temporal power of the Popes," the first place we open: "excommunication dissolves the tie of subjection and the oath of fidelity." Is not the doctrine of these Jesuits horrible? If they would only let us alone with our Madrias and biblical organ-grinders, we would save them the trouble of so much ecclesiastical thunder and lightning. Who cares for excommunication in these days of light and progress? Didn't we send a parson into Hungary ready cocked and primed; but those tyrannical Austrians are better than crows for smelling powder, and he missed fire and had to go off by himself. What right had they to interfere in our concerns! These old popes and their grenadiers, the Jesuits, would do much better to say their prayers and leave the world to be governed by those who know how. But is it true they advocate the burning of heretics? Let us look again. Just as we thought, of course; what else could Jesuits do? So we read: "if the Church does not punish the heretics herself, but invokes the secular arm to do so, let the enemies of the Church remember, that this is voluntary moderation on her part." And the old women began to look with big eyes, as our French neighbors say, and turned round at every creak of the opening door, expecting to see some bloody-fisted Jesuit coming to bind them to a stake right off, without allowing even a moment's time to cry out for help. Meanwhile the poor Jesuits, who are "the outcasts of men, the opprobrium of the people," simple souls as they are, write ahead as if there was no mischief fermenting in those pages, over which they waste the midnight lamp and spend their energies. They are only thinking of Catholics, or those who call themselves Catholics, and are guilty of the unpardonable impertinence of telling those for whom they are writing that "it belongs to the Church alone to say how far the infraction of the civil laws is an infraction of the duties imposed by Catholicity, of which she claims to be the only competent judge." If they only tell their so called Catholic opponents to "reverence the Church and learn from her, what are the just limits of Christian meekness:" or if they call upon those opponents to declare whether they are heretics, in order to know what just estimate should be put on their interpretation of the Gospel: visions of stakes and racks, of the gibbets and fires of Smithfield, and of all the other raw-head and bloody bones, with which Protestant literature has been adorned for the last 200 years, come dancing before the affrighted imagination of some Dickinson correspondent, and the readers of the N. Y. Evangelist must be edified by his courage, and enlightened by his learning, and guarded by his vigilance from the impending storm. It will not much matter, whether the visions be lying ones or not: the will is as good as the deed: and the advocates of the higher law will be grateful to the sleepless watcher in Sion, and perhaps some fat calling, from which he may select for his own special comfort and consolation a pretty lamb with a

golden fleece, will fall to his share in the distribution of favors. And this Dickinson wonder is not satisfied with taking care of his own methodical people, but in his generous solicitude would also gather under his wings the American Bishops. Verily the American Catholic must be covered with a debt of gratitude. Church and state! church and politics! what powerful and daring fellows these Jesuits are, to hurl at their Ecclesiastical Superiors their "paper bullets of the brain," and dare to cast censure on their proceedings. It was a bold attack surely, and can only be equalled by the Dickinson attack on the credulity of the readers of "the Evangelist," when reference in support of this calumny is given to a date on which no number of the *Civilta* was issued, (August 6, 1854.) But "lie bravely, lie strongly," was one of the maxims of their standard-bearer, and our friend of collegiate ability seems nowise disposed to allow the maxim to be a dead letter. When next he writes, we hope he will think that others know Italian as well as himself, or at least can understand it enough to know, when another "bears false witness against his neighbor."

THE LEADER.—We acknowledge the receipt of the *Leader*. It comes to us in a neat and convenient form—its tone is calm and dignified, and such as we like to see in a Catholic journal. We heartily wish it an encouragement worthy of the cause to which it is devoted, and worthy of the talent of its learned editor.

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## Record of Events.

From February 20, to March 20, 1855.

### I.—FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—A solemn *Requiem* was performed in the Sistine chapel, Jan. 29th, for the late king of Saxony. Cardinal Altieri, cousin to the deceased king, officiated; the pontiff himself was present, and pronounced the absolution from the throne.—A monument is to be erected to the memory of *Tasso*, and Pope Pius IX. has placed his name at the head of a subscription for that purpose.—An Association of *Pilgrimage* to Jerusalem has been formed similar to that in Paris; those desirous to make the pilgrimage were to have sailed from Civita Vecchia on the first of March, and after spending thirty-six days in the Holy Land, to return to the place from which they started.—The obsequies for the two queens of Sardinia were performed in the church of the Holy Sudarium.—A very interesting marriage ceremony lately took place, which is thus noticed by the correspondent of the *Tablet*: "The parties were Richard Lamb, Esq., and Miss Georgiana Eaton, daughter of the authoress of 'Rome in the Nineteenth Century,' who was recently received into the Church. It appears, that by especial permission from his Holiness, the Pope, the ceremony took place at the Shrine of the Apostle, in the crypt of St. Peter's, and was performed by the Hon. and Very Rev. Monsignor Talbot. It is asserted that no other instance of a marriage in this privileged portion of the church is on record, nor do the archives of that basilica attest any previous registry of an *English* marriage there at all. It must, indeed, have been impressive; conducted by torchlight, at the foot of the Shrine of the Prince of the Apostles, surrounded by the tombs and memorials of past ages, the picture would vividly recall a similar rite of earliest Christianity in the Church of the Catacombs."—Among the English Catholics who bore tapers before his Holiness at St. Peter's on Candlemas day, were Lord Lovatt, Sir Jas. Fitzgerald, and Mr. Stourton. Sir James' sister took the veil at the convent of Sagro



Cuore the same evening.—An Association has been established among the pontifical troops of the garrison of Rome, for the religious and civil instruction of the soldiers. His Eminence, Cardinal Vannicelli, Archbishop of Ferrara, encouraged it by his presence, and gave lessons himself in reading and catechism to the private soldiers.

NAPLES.—Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was received in the Neapolitan dominions. We take the following from the *Catholic Standard*:

"We have already described the brilliant procession which traversed the streets of Naples to give glory to the Holy Virgin, the magnificence of which was enhanced by the presence of the king and the royal family, with his court, and all the high dignitaries of the State. This religious ceremony was followed by a solemn military fete. Ferdinand II placed his army under the patronage of Immaculate Mary at a review, which brought together 35,000 men. The king went to the Champs de Mars with his family in splendid carriages. The hereditary prince was named colonel on this occasion. He showed himself, as it were, for the first time to the people, this being his political debut. His gravity, the ease and self-possession with which he commanded his regiment was much admired."

SARDINIA.—This unhappy government still persists in its determination to destroy the religious institutions. The bill for the suppression of the convents and the sale of their estates and those of the Church, is still urged forward, to the infinite regret of the great body of the people, and to the grief especially of the bishops and the clergy, who have so strenuously petitioned against it. The Holy Father, overwhelmed with grief at the prospect of the affliction about to befall the Church in that kingdom, raised his paternal voice, and in an allocution delivered before the cardinals, entered a solemn protest against the measure. It is doubtful, however, whether his fatherly admonitions will have any effect on the infidel spirit which seems, of late, to direct the deliberations of the parliament of Turin.

SPAIN.—No particular change has taken place during the last month. The queen by a royal decree, restored to the rank of *Infanta* of Spain, Donna Josephine, the daughter of the Infant Don Francis de Paula, who married M. Guell y Rente. The *Tablet* of the 24th ult. thus speaks of the religious feeling of the people, notwithstanding the violence of those in power:

"Spain remains Catholic notwithstanding the efforts, violence, and sacrilege of revolution. There was on the 9th a magnificent ceremony in the church of the Incarnation at Madrid, in order to celebrate the triumph of the Immaculate Conception. The archbishop of Santiago officiated pontifically, and pronounced, with the remembrance of all that he had witnessed at Rome, a discourse which profoundly affected all present. On the 11th there was to be celebrated a solemnity in honor of the Blessed Virgin, which should surpass in magnificence every thing that had preceded it."

ENGLAND.—It is stated in the late foreign papers, that a coadjutor is about to be given to his Eminence, Cardinal Wiseman, and in connection with this statement, the name of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Errington, bishop of Plymouth, was mentioned as the person most likely to be selected by the Holy See for that exalted station. The health of the cardinal is assigned as the reason for the appointment of a coadjutor.

*Conversions.*—The Rev. Edmund S. Foulkes, one of the most distinguished members of the University of Oxford, was received into the Catholic Church, at Paris, on the Feast of the Purification. Mr. Delancy, formerly a member of the University of Cambridge, and an Anglican minister, who, a short time ago, entered the *Ecole des Carmes*, to study theology, recently received minor orders from the hands of Cardinal Wiseman.

The proceedings in parliament were rather of an exciting character. Mr. Roebuck's motion to appoint a committee to investigate the management of the war, gave rise to much animated discussion. Several members of the new cabinet resigned in consequence of the motion. A bill was introduced to repeal the stamp on newspapers and substitute in lieu thereof a newspaper postage of one penny per four ounces weight.—Great distress prevailed among the laboring classes, and many thousands were for

weeks without food excepting the supplies of charity; riots in consequence took place in Liverpool and London.

**IRELAND.**—The tenant right movement still continues to occupy considerable attention. —The fairs have been well attended, and cattle of all kinds commanded good prices. —The papers record the death of the Very Rev. Edward O'Rourke, which took place on 2d ultimo, at the Carmelite convent, Dublin. —Letters from Madeira give the gratifying intelligence that the health of Father Mathew was much improved. —Miss Ann Walsh, daughter of James Walsh, Esq., received the black veil at the Presentation convent, Tralee.

**FRANCE.**—"The dogmatic decree of the Immaculate Conception was published in the church of Notre Dame on the 18th inst. After the gospel, the decree was read in Latin by the Archbishop of Paris, who officiated, assisted by the Patriarch of Antioch. M. l'abbé James, canon, read it in French from the pulpit to the immense assemblage who filled the cathedral. The edifice was hung with white and blue drapery, on which was emblazoned the pontifical arms. Mass was followed by the 'Te Deum,' in which the entire congregation joined, and the ceremony was terminated by the Papal benediction."—*Dublin Tablet*.

Preparations for the war still progresses on an extensive scale. The emperor, at the latest dates, was to review the troops at St. Omer, and was expected to visit Boulogne. It was currently reported that he intended to proceed to the Crimea at an early date. This determination had caused much uneasiness, both in France and England, and was universally disapproved of by the papers. Rumor also has it that the empress contemplates a visit to the seat of war.

**AUSTRIA.**—Much interest is excited by the meeting of the congress at Vienna, for the purpose of arranging measures for bringing about a peace. Lord John Russell represents Great Britain; M. De Dourguelley, or perhaps a special minister, France; Count Buol, Austria; Riza Bey, Turkey; M. De Wedell, Prussia. Lord John Russell had arrived at Berlin, and was admitted to an audience with the king.

**GERMANY.**—"A terrible inundation of the Elbe occurred on the 2d ult. The damage done at Hamburg is estimated at from three to four millions of marks. In Hanover many of the dikes gave way, and the land was flooded for miles, causing much loss of property, and probably of life. At Cuxhaven there was but little shipping when the hurricane, which preceded the inundation, came on, and not much damage was done beyond the loss of spars and anchors. A steamer from Leith is reported to be lost at sea, and other sea-going steamers reached port with paddles and deck-works damaged."

**THE CRIMEA.**—Nothing of special interest has taken place during the last month. Preparations for an assault were actively progressing. The Russians made repeated sorties, but were vigorously repulsed. The weather was becoming more pleasant, and health of the troops generally good.

**RUSSIA.**—The most startling intelligence from this country is the death of the Czar. This announcement was made to the British Parliament on the night of the 3d inst., and is said to have been caused by apoplexy. The foreign papers generally give credit to the report, although it would seem to want confirmation.

The Russians were defeated in a great battle at Eupatoria, on the 17th Feb., by the Turks, with the loss of 500 killed and a much greater number wounded. An active war movement, however, is still kept up throughout the empire.

**BAVARIA.**—The King of Bavaria has lately "annulled the ministerial decree expelling the Sisters of the Holy Redeemer from Niederbronn. His majesty gave express orders that no one shall henceforth give any disturbance to these religious. This result is due, we are assured, to the active measures of the Apostolic Nuncio at Munich and to the spirited representations made by the courageous bishop of Spiers. The statesmen bureaucratic have been once more vanquished, because (says the 'Volkshalle') the prince has a head where his ministers have only paper."

**PRUSSIA.**—Prussia still maintains her neutral position in relation to the belligerent parties, taking no part in the contest beyond her exertions to bring about a peace. A Frankfort paper says: "The negotiations between the Cabinet of Berlin and those of Paris and London are still pending, and the counter-project recently proposed by Prussia is under discussion. It is said that the Prussian Cabinet insists on retaining the liberty of acceding or not to the interpretation of the conditions of peace, and of judging of a *causes belli*; it will not place itself in a position to be ruled by a decision of the majority, and to be led away by the ideas of another."

## II.—DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

#### 1. *Archdiocese of Baltimore.*

**Inauguration of Loyola College.**—The twenty-second of February was rendered memorable to the Catholics of Baltimore by the opening of the new College of the Jesuit Fathers which took place on that day. At an early hour the spacious hall in which the ceremonies were performed was filled, not only with Catholics, but a large number of Protestants, all of whom evinced the greatest interest in the exercises. Our space will not permit us to enter into particulars: suffice it to say, that the pupils acquitted themselves on the occasion with credit, and in a manner worthy of their professors. The Inaugural Address, by William George Read, Esq., was able and eloquent. The time and the occasion on which the inauguration of this institution took place, are suggestive of many important reflections: "If there could be a doubt," says the *Catholic Mirror*, "of the devotedness of the Catholic citizen, native or naturalized, to our common country's welfare, the proceedings of that day should set the doubt at rest forever. . . . The Professors know that 'he who loves not his country, loves nothing,' and they wished that the first voices of exultation that echoed in their halls, should impress on the youthful minds entrusted to their charge such a holy love for their country and such a zeal for her interests as time and the cares of after life should never be able to efface. Thus they answer the calumnies of their enemies. As early impressions are most lasting, their scholars will speak for them with the enthusiasm of their tender age, and the sentiments they carry to their homes will do more than volumes to refute the insidious tales of romancing politicians. When we consider the apathy of these politicians and of the so-called American party in commemorating this birth-day of Washington, and contrast it with the animation which filled a Jesuit institute of learning, we cannot but admire the impudence that brands the children of St. Ignatius as inimical to republicanism."

#### 2. *Diocese of Charleston.*

**Death of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Reynolds.**—With feelings of deep regret, we record the death of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Reynolds, second Bishop of the diocese of Charleston. Though aware of the feeble health of the lamented prelate, still we were unprepared for the mournful intelligence of his death. The following sketch of his life, and tribute to his memory, we take in part from the *Catholic Miscellany*.

Bishop Reynolds was born near Bardstown, Kentucky, on the 22d of August, 1795. His parents, who were distinguished for their piety, bestowed the utmost attention on his education, and by word and example trained his youthful mind to piety and virtue. At an early age he formed the generous resolution of consecrating himself to the service of God, in the holy ministry, and entered the Episcopal Seminary of Kentucky. He afterwards pursued and completed his theological studies at St. Mary's College, Baltimore. Shortly after his return to Kentucky, he was nominated Professor in St. Joseph's College, and was subsequently appointed to preside over that institution. In 1844 he was selected to fill the vacant See of Charleston. On the 19th of March he was consecrated at the Cathedral of Cincinnati, and proceeded without delay to take possession of his see.

During the eleven years of his Episcopate he labored with untiring zeal to promote

the cause of religion. He watched with solicitude over the Catholic institutions, and strove earnestly and anxiously to encourage their growth, and to extend the sphere of their usefulness. His parental kindness, courtesy and generosity, endeared him to his clergy; his urbanity and gentle, yet dignified demeanor towards all, won for him respect, not only of Catholics, but even of those who belonged not to his spiritual jurisdiction. In him the poor, the afflicted and the distressed found a father, a consoler and a friend. The virtues which had so distinguished him during thirty years of a laborious ministry, shone more conspicuously as his life drew to a close. The patience and resignation with which he bore his suffering, especially during the last and painful stages of his disease—the congestion of the lungs—elicited the admiration of all who approached him. Even in his last hour, during the moments immediately preceding his dissolution, when his eyes unconsciously wandered around as if in quest of solace and aid, they ceased their wandering the moment they rested upon the image of his crucified Lord. He has passed from the scene of his labors; he sleeps by the side of his illustrious predecessor; yet his virtues survive, his memory is cherished in the hearts of the Catholics of Charleston.

The funeral of the lamented Bishop took place on the Thursday following his demise, at the Cathedral, attended by a large number of the clergy, and a numerous concourse of people. Solemn Mass of requiem was celebrated by the Very Rev. Dr. Lynch, and the Very Rev. Dr. Ryder delivered the eulogy of the deceased. *Requiescat in pace.*

Immediately after the funeral a meeting of the vestries of the church of the city was held at the Episcopal residence, at which the Very Rev. Dr. Lynch presided. After a few words from the chair in allusion to the mournful occasion which had called them together, the Hon. Judge Rice offered appropriate resolutions, which were unanimously adopted, and directed to be published.

### 3. Diocese of Pittsburg.


The Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburg, has addressed an energetic memorial to the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, respectfully remonstrating against the passage of an act entitled, "An Act relating to Corporations and to estates held for corporate, religious, and charitable uses." The bill, if carried into a law, would effect a radical change in the manner of holding Church property in the State. The learned prelate, after showing that it was entirely uncalled for by the Catholic laity, and consequently it cannot be considered necessary for their advantage or protection, observes:

"Though it is said to be demanded by the general principles of the country, the undersigned is not aware of, nor does he believe there exists in the constitution or laws of the United States, or in this State, any principle which would require such a measure; and he begs leave to say, that it appears to him, the principles contained in these are the only ones which should be binding on all good citizens; and that to make the views of one portion of the community—though a majority of the moment, a standard to which, without necessity, all others would be required to conform, is subversive of that liberty and that regard for general rights which has hitherto been the most valuable characteristic of the institutions of the country."

### 4. Diocese of Hartford.

**Confirmation.**—The Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, Bishop of Hartford, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation at St. Mary's Church, Stonington, Ct., on the 11th ult., to eighty persons—and on the Sunday following administered the same Holy Sacrament to nearly three hundred children at St. Patrick's Church, New Haven, Conn.

**Religious Reception.**—Miss Anna Kananagh received the white veil and habit of the Order of the Sisters of Mercy, from the hands of the same Rt. Rev. Bishop, in the chapel of our Lady of Mercy, Providence, Rhode Island. A solemn requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Father Brady was celebrated in St. John's church, Middletown, on the 14th ult.

 Want of space compels us to curtail our table of Current Events in this number.